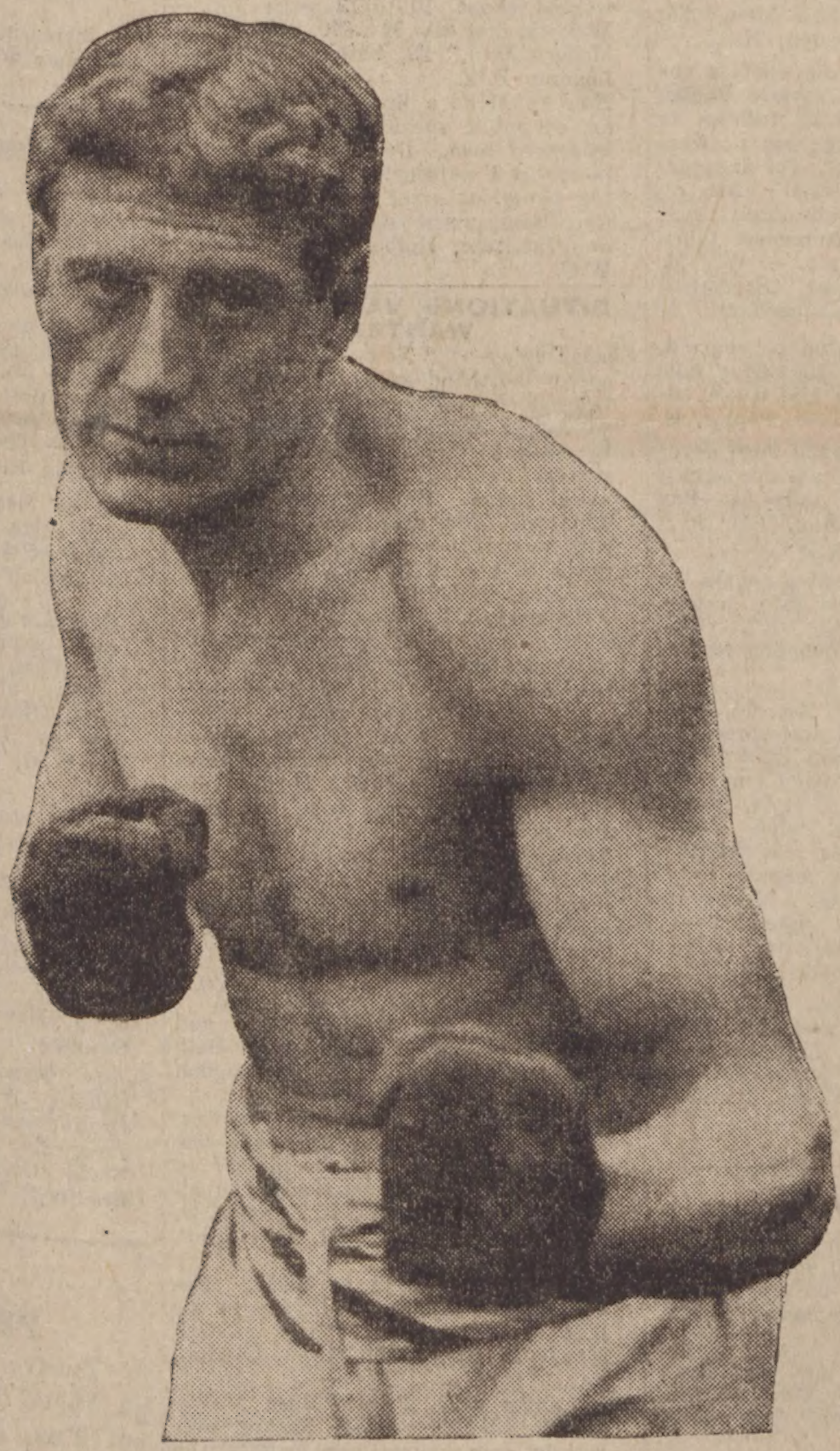
The Modern Man

A Weekly Journal of General Interest.

No. 191. WEEK ENDING JUNE 29TH, 1912. ONE PENNY.

OUT FOR VICTORY.



The winner of the boxing contest between Bombardier Wells (shown in photograph) and Al Palzer in New York, on Friday, will probably meet the victor of the fight between Jack Johnson and Flynn.

READERS' SALE and EXCHANGE.

All advertisements are subject to the revision of the Sales Editor, and the right is reserved of refusing to accept an advertisement without assigning a reason.

In replying to an advertisement with a box number, put your reply in a stamped envelope and write the box number on the top left-hand corner. Enclose this envelope in another, addressed to the Sales Editor, who will at once fill in the advertiser's address and forward it to him. If no reply is received, you must assume that the article has been already sold.

In no case should a stamp be enclosed to an advertiser for reply; neither should payment be made to strangers without due caution. It is advisable to send money by a post-dated Order, so that payment can be stopped if the article sent on approval is not satisfactory, or if the bargain is not completed.

There are many things which you would like to sell. Make out a brief announcement, enclose with it a Postal Order reckoned at a penny a word, made payable to the Sales Editor, and crossed "& Co.," with a minimum of 1s. for any single advertisement, and post it to the Sales Editor, THE MODERN MAN, 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

The Sales Editor does not hold himself responsible for any sales or exchanges arranged through these columns; neither goods nor payment for goods can be received at these offices.

DRESS.

Shoddy Clothes are bad value, wear the best; it need not cost you more; write or call on W. W. Hedgecoe and Co., Stylish Suits from 35s.—Private Tailors, West End Cutting Experts, 147, Holborn Bars, E.C. (2 doors from Gray's Inn Road).

Coat-hanger and trousers-stretcher combined; a bargain, 1s. 6d., post free.—Box 3979, "The Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Llewellyn's "Regent" rain coat is cut in the new, dressy style; Raglan shoulders, with plenty of fullness in the skirt, it hangs well; smart, comfortable, weather proof, yet inexpensive, 30s.; ready for wear; cash returned if you are not absolutely satisfied; send chest measurement taken over vest, and height. — W. M. Llewellyn, Rain Coat Specialist, Regent Street, Weston-super-Mare.

Pair trooper's Wellington's, spurred, worn six times; cost 16s. 6d.; take 10s. 6d., or near offer; size 8.—A. B. Walters, 122, High Street, Poplar, E.

Trouser Press for sale; brand new, never been used; no further use for same; honestly worth 15s.; take 6s.—Box 9103, "The Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

One and a half dozen double collars, in excellent condition, size 15½; bargain 3s. 3d. the lot.—Box No. 9102, "The Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

The McKinley "Mac.," 16s. 6d., carriage paid. The ideal waterproof for Spring wear. Made from light-weight fawn waterproof coating in the fashionable Raglan style, and guaranteed. Wonderful value. Ready for service in all sizes and lengths. Send height and chest measure (over jacket) with remittance. Money returned in full if not approved.—C. and G. McKinley, Tailoring Dept., 7, Gresham Street, London. E.C.

Blue serge suit, cost 75s., 35s.; black lounge coat and vest, cost 65s., 30s.; fawn, dust coat, cost 75s., 30s.; all quite new; superior; want cash.—T. Estcotte, 2, Rutland Villas, Boreham Road, Wood Green.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

Racing: 648 modern men yet wanted to write for particulars of special system wires. Special terms to new clients. Hutchinson, 48, Goodramgate, York.—No postcards.

Hunting bridle, nickel bits, cost 30s.; used four times; take 20s., or near offer.—A. B. Walters, 122, High Street, Poplar, E.

Cyclist's Friend makes your cycle puncture-proof; enormous success; absolutely genuine, 1s. 1d.—Mr. E. Jaques, 66, Rendell Road, Leicester.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

Cycles, lady's and gent.'s highest grade 1912 model de luxe cycles; fitted all latest improvements (3-speed B.S.A. gears) and gear case; reason explained; approval willingly; perfect condition; sacrifice £4 4s. each.—3, Aubert Park, Highbury Barn, London.

EDUCATIONAL.

Volumes of "Answers" and "Tit-Bits" wanted about 10 to 12 years old.—Write in first case Box No. 9100, "The Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

"How to Make a Speech."—Learn the art of public speaking and become a leader of men. Develop your mental power and personality. Our interesting pamphlet gives valuable information. Sent gratis and post free.—London Institute, Holborn Hall, London, W.C.

SITUATIONS VACANT AND WANTED.

Sloan-Duployan "New Rapid" high-speed Shorthand saves a year's study. Learned in twelve easy lessons. Eighty words per minute in four weeks. Used by fastest official Parliamentary Reporters daily. Holds the world's speed record. Simple, rapid, legible, practical. New illustrated handbook, with testimonials and specimen lesson, gratis and post free.—Shorthand Association, Holborn Hall, London, W.C. Telephone 6111 Holborn.

For High-grade Positions see Hapgood's advertisement, page 1079.

MEDICAL, &c.

Blood purifier. Keep you in perfect health; one of the finest known recipes on the market. Recipe with full particulars, post free, 1s. 1d.—Box 4630, "The Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Knowledge is power. Dozen genuine recipes, including embrocation, blood purifier, cough syrup, massage cream, boot and metal polishes, etc.; price 1s.; satisfaction guaranteed; postal orders only.—33, Park Avenue, Blackpool.

Certain Cure for Falling Hair and Dandruff; recipe P.O. 1s.—Box 4160, "The Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Absolute Genuine Moustache Grower, known to grow a moustache in a few weeks. Advertiser will be pleased to send recipe and full particulars to all sending P.O., value 1s. 1d.—Box 8029, "The Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Your Teeth as White as Snow. The best powder in the world. Recipe for P.O. 1s.—Box 4161, "The Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Why suffer with Piles? Buer Mul-la and Powder is a safe, certain, and speedy cure; cures permanently the worst cases. Send two stamps for free sample.—Prof. Buer, 52/1, Exchange Buildings, Southwark Street, S.E.

PHYSICAL CULTURE.

Do you want good improvement in your legs? If so, I will send exercises illustrated with real photos, and guarantee absolute satisfaction; send P.O. now, to J. H. Minister, Professor of Physical Culture, Liddell St., Hull.

Strong Will Power, and how to obtain it. See The St. Settef Institute announcement on page 1082.

For increasing the height see Arthur Girvan's advt., page 1082.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A bargain, coat-hanger, with trouser-stretcher, new, post free P.O. 1s. 8d., or two for 2s. 9d., carriage paid.—Box 4595, "The Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

"The Modern Man" pocket knife, a treasure, two fine steel blades, in fine English oxydised steel handles, best make, post free 1s. 1½d.; money returned in full if not satisfied.—Box 4596, "The Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

5,000 to clear. 7s. 6d. safety razor with extra blades, 1s. 1d., post free. Our —Box 4604, "The Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

A Fountain Pen for 7d., post free. Our latest invention, the "Swift" Fountain Pen, is an absolutely world's wonder; always ready for use; best finish.—Send P.O. or stamps 7d. today to Box 4597, "The Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Bankrupt stock, razors, hollow-ground, perfectly-tempered blades of intense keenness; 14 days' approval; 1s. 6d. post free.—Webley and Co., 3 Gallery, Alexandra Arcade, Swansea.

For sale, mandoline and case, 10s. 6d.; violin, good tone, 12s. 6d.; b-flat clarionet, 15s.; genuine bargains.—O. J. Davies, 133, Western Street, Swansea.

Safety Razors Reground, 1d. each. Gilette, Auto Strop, Clemak, Ever Ready, made equal to new, or cash cheerfully refunded. — The Wafer Blade Co., 36, Deneside Terrace, Bradford, Yorks.

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PEN COUPON.

Twelve of these Coupons and a Postal Order for 1s. buys one of THE MODERN MAN 10s. 6d. Fountain Pens, with 14-carat solid gold nib. For particulars see page 1083.

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PLAIN SPEAKING.

When a man has done something to involve himself in a suit for divorce and the case goes against him, he surely may be considered to have purged his offence. Apparently, however, Bishop Welldon does not think so. He would appear to hold that such a man is to be penalised even in purely secular things that make for his terrestrial welfare; for he has sought to prevent Mr. Thomas Beecham, who, it will be remembered, figured prominently in a recent *cause célèbre*, from following his profession, by protesting against his appointment to manage one of the Hallé Society's concerts in Manchester. "Bad taste and bad morality" is the very fitting comment of one of the members.

* * *

Camping in a Churchyard.

To promote the health of the young is admittedly most desirable, but to do so by inducing them to "camp out" among tomb-stones doesn't harmonise with the eternal fitness of things; especially so when to the "camping out" is added the incongruity of experimental amateur kitchen gardening among the graves! Yet this is what is reported to have been done under a scheme inaugurated by Miss Margaret McMillan, with a dozen boys in the churchyard of St. Nicholas, Deptford. We hope that a continuance of such extraordinary methods will not be allowed to mar the work Miss McMillan has done in connection with the establishment of school clinics. Surely experiments of that kind can be carried on otherwise than by desecrating "God's Acre," where repose the ashes of the venerated dead, both great and small.

* * *

Specimen of Official Senility.

How's this for a specimen of official senility? There's really no other word by which adequately to designate it. An application was recently made to the Inland Revenue, Somerset House, for particulars as to the engagement of female typists. The writer was referred to the Civil Service Commission, which, when applied to, forwarded, without a word of comment, the usual examination papers. In answer to another communication, asking whether entrance to Somerset House was by examination and selection or by examination only, the applicant was informed that "an official nomination by the Board of Inland Revenue is required for the situation of female typist in that Department. The Commissioners are unable to say how nominations may be obtained." Then who in the name of sanity is able to say?

* * *

Hard Hit for Non-Athletic.

Yet another nail has been knocked in the coffin of the hoary fallacy, advanced with such nauseating persistency by the non-athletic, be-spectacled type of fogey, young and old, to the effect that participation in sport at schools and universities militates against advancement in scholarship. This nail—and a very large one it is—has been hammered well home by the recently published results of this year's Cambridge Tripos.

* * *

The only Senior Classic this year is Mr. R. H. Whitehorn (St. Paul's School and Trinity) who, since he went up to the 'Varsity, has played in every one of the inter-university water-polo matches.

* * *

Chief honours in economics, mechanical sciences, and natural sciences, respectively, have been gained by three Blues, namely, Messrs. P. J. Baker (athletics), E. L. Kidd (cricket), and H. L. Bassett (boxing). Yet another well-known boxing Blue, Mr. G. W. V. Hopley, has carried off a first-class in History, Part I.

* * *

Now, perhaps, it will be admitted by all whose anti-sporting prejudice does not go as far as actual mania, that hard playing and hard working make a splendid combination. Surely it stands to reason that the man whose physical organism is in good trim can work better than the fragile creature whose bedroom mantelpiece is a nest of pill-boxes and physic-bottles.

* * *

Magistrates Accused of Partiality.

It is not the novelist alone who bestows names that fit characters. Mr. Frederick Mutton, Chairman of the United Temperance Committee of Northampton, has inherited a cognomen of which he has proved himself worthy in every way, as can easily be gathered from the following facts.

* * *

It appears that the Northampton magistrates recently had before them the case of a local publican who was summoned for street betting. As it was his first offence, they dealt with him as they would have dealt with pretty well any other first offender—they merely bound him over, holding that a conviction would have caused him to run the unmerited risk of losing his license; wherein they showed themselves to be worthy occupants of the magisterial bench.

* * *

Not so, however, in the estimation of Mr. Frederick Mutton. He, waxed mightily indignant, accused them of partiality, and would not retract even when, on being brought before the objects of his denunciation, he was ordered to find sureties or be committed for fourteen days. It was not because the street betting had not been punished that Mr. Mutton was furious; it was because the offender had not been made to suffer for the crime of being a publican.

* * *

The Northampton magistrates very properly resented the accusation of improper motive which their critic brought against them, and upheld the dignity of their office by dealing with him far more summarily than they had dealt with the object of his resentment. More power to their elbows!

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A Comparison in Sentences.

While awaiting his trial for manslaughter, a recently-condemned prisoner was the means of saving the life of a warder whom another prisoner attacked. Doubtless that circumstance had not a little to do with a sentence of only nine months' hard labour being passed upon him. Apart from that consideration, such a sentence for such a crime would appear to be ridiculously light in comparison with one of six months' hard labour, imposed on another man for embezzlement, and that to the extent of only £3.

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This other man also went to the help of the warder attacked by a fellow prisoner, but that was after conviction, not before. Surely it ought to lead to a substantial reduction of his sentence. Adequate recognition of such services, and wide publicity given to it, would make matters none the worse for warders, but, rather, contrariwise.

It makes one rub one's eyes. Horse racing at Constantinople! And the ladies of the imperial harem watching the races from their carriages! Such a thing has never before been known. Verily the "sick man of the East" appears to have reached the convalescent stage. In spite, too, of his little disagreement with Italy. The world still moves.

* * *

"Cut Off" with £150,000.

To the man who has any claim to common-sense there is something rather sickening about the extreme excitement that various papers are trying to conjure up because Sir Derrick Wernher, the eldest son of the late Sir Julius Wernher, has been "cut off" with the paltry sum of £150,000, and the hardly veiled sympthy which the same organs are expressing for that sadly ill-used young gentleman.

* * *

Poor fellow, no more than £1,200 per annum is to be paid to him between the ages of 25 and 30, and even after that, his income will be limited to a miserable £2,400 a year! How very dreadful, with the price of meat, and bread, and coal and things so high just now!

* * *

While we are on this subject, here is a point worth noting. Just underneath the story of Sir Derrick's sad case, a Sunday paper prints a paragraph stating that the late Mr. W. T. Stead's estate was recently valued at £13,000 gross. Is it not possible—with all due respect for Sir Derrick's many excellent qualities—that if £13,000 was sufficient for a notability like Mr. Stead, a sum nearly twelve times as big might be enough for Sir Derrick Wernher?

* * *

Poisoning the National Mind.

Why is it that such an intense interest is evinced by the public in Divorce Court cases? It is not, on the face of it, a healthy national sign. At the moment of writing, an action brought by a well-known music-hall artiste, against his wife, almost equally well-known in the same profession, is being accorded columns of space in practically every newspaper, morning, evening, and Sunday. And herein lies the root of the evil.

* * *

It is an old but very excellent aphorism that what the eye does not see the heart does not grieve for; and the newspaper press is poisoning the national mind and vitiating the national appetite by its prurient policy in publishing the details of the profligacy of individual persons. If these details were not printed, the reading public would not want them.

* * *

The Power of the Press should be exerted to salutary ends and not to unwholesome ones. No harm, but indeed much good, would result if legislation were introduced whereby all divorce actions were heard *in camera*, and whereby any paper printing reports of such cases, however obtained, should be subjected to the severest penalties.

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By the way, the person who reads Divorce Court garbage the most avidly would be the most frenziedly anxious, were the case his or her own, to keep it out of the papers.

* * *

"Fun" with Loaded Revolvers.

It is said that a poor explanation is better than none at all, and perhaps it is—in some cases. Anyhow, let us charitably hope that the young fool—assuming he isn't anything worse—who shot another young man in the leg the other day, did not really intend to do it—that, to repeat his own words, "it was only a bit of fun."

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But people who have bits of fun with loaded revolvers should load them with blank cartridges, not with ball. It appears that the youth in question fired twice at the other. The first bullet hit the ground, the second found a billet in a leg. The "fun-maker," who had a black mask, called out: "Hands up!" and said something about prosecutor's watch-chain, avers that he fired at the ground in both instances. Presumably, he's one of those crack shots who couldn't hit a haystack at twenty yards. If he had aimed at the other young man's legs, he probably would have plugged the ground every time.

* * *

A word of advice to him, and to all other hobbledehoys with black masks, ball-loaded revolvers, a propensity for "fun," and designs, whether real or pretended, on watch-chains that don't belong to them: Read serious and solid literature, and eschew picture plays.

* * *

Grandmotherly Legislation in Nottingham.

The Nottingham City Council seems bent upon making itself conspicuous by reason of its grandmotherly legislation. It has passed a bye-law to the effect that no boy within its jurisdiction shall be employed by any tonsorial artist as a lather-boy unless he be turned fourteen years of age. No wonder the Nottingham hairdressers are up in arms, and are petitioning the Home Secretary for the removal of the obnoxious bye-law, seeing that they find it difficult to get lads of over fourteen to work as lather boys.

* * *

It is well for the pot-valiant that they are not always taken at their word. There was an amusing police court contrast a day or two ago, between a repentant and sobered "drunk and disorderly," described in the newspaper reports as "a weak-looking young painter," and the burly constable who had "run him in." According to the evidence of the latter, the prisoner had invited him to take off his uniform and fight; whereupon a police inspector who happened to be in court informed the magistrate that the constable was the strongest man in his division.

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"I am afraid," the inspector added, "if the prisoner did take him on he would have a lively time of it, for he is an all-round athlete and a champion pugilist." And, of course, everybody laughed, as in duty bound, when the magistrate, addressing the culprit, said "You wanted to fight one of the best boxers in the force. Being noble-hearted, he refused; otherwise, if he had landed you one or two, you would have presented a sorry spectacle this morning." And really, Robert must be sorely tempted at times to "land" the "one or two" of which His Worship made mention. He has even been known, it is whispered, to succumb to the temptation.

* * *

Contemptible Blackmailer's Spelling.

I recently gave a sample of "simplified" spelling, and expressed the hope that the day is very remote when *The Modern Man* will be made hideous by having its contents presented in such a guise. A still more cogent reason for opposition to the spelling "reform" movement has since been suggested to me.

* * *

The other day a particularly obnoxious specimen of the most contemptible product of human depravity, the blackmailer, owed his conviction to our present system of spelling. He denied all knowledge of certain letters he was alleged to have written. "How do you spell 'possession'?" he was asked, and he replied without hesitation "P o s s e s i o n." "So does the person who wrote the letters," was the significant comment, and a sentence of eighteen months' hard labour followed.

* * *

Now, had we been living under a system of "reformed" spelling, he probably would have made no such mistake either in his letters or in the dock, and his guilt might not have been brought home to him.

* * *

There have been many other cases where a similar inaccuracy in spelling, due to our largely unphonetic system of orthography, has led to conviction, and doubtless there will be many more as long as that system continues. Make spelling entirely "fonetik," and mistakes, consequently, of rare occurrence, and the blackmailer's trade will flourish amain. For that reason, as well as for others, *Modern Man* is distinctly and emphatically opposed to any such "reform."

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Ben Tillett and the Hoaxer.

Mr. Benjamin Tillet ought to be more circumspect than to let his enmity to coronets make him so easy a victim to the hoaxer. A little calm consideration would have convinced him that the letter he thought he had received from Lord Davenport could scarcely have been written by the nobleman, and would have prevented him from sending the offensive "reply" he so proudly and triumphantly read out to the dock strikers on Tower Hill. And it was not very gracious of him, when it was made clear that he had been imposed upon by some wag, to persist that the signature looked suspiciously like Lord Davenport's. It would have been far more manly to have admitted straight out that he had recognised he had been "had," and to have apologised for his lordship. For even lords are deserving of some consideration.

"It is stated there is no country that Malatesta could have gone to without being arrested." That's what we read in the newspapers, and it is all very well as far as it goes. But it is only another proof that England is, par excellence, the dumping ground.

Why should we give an asylum to an Anarchist that any other country would drive into the sea? John Bull is a very fine old fellow, but he is rather susceptible to the representations of spurious claimants on his charity, and, as a matter of fact, the Anarchist is not really grateful to him. Tottenham and Sidney Street belong to recent history, and they are not likely to be forgotten in a hurry.

* * *

Parsons and Mixed Bathing.

There is a sort of panic just now in the gentle breasts of the clergy and ministers of Wimbledon. This is because, on certain days "mixed bathing" is permitted at the local public baths. These reverend gentry have accordingly petitioned the Town Council to veto the unspeakable practice in question. What danger there is, however, in men and women bathing together in a large swimming-bath surrounded by other bathers, and under the watchful eye of the head attendant and his myrmidons, it is difficult to see. It might not be out of place to remind the clergy and ministers of Wimbledon that just as to the pure all thing are pure, so will the impure mind descry impurity in everything.

* * *

Judge Cluer, in the Shoreditch County Court, quite recently, made the sapient announcement that if a man proved that he had pawned his boots, he might truthfully call himself hard up. Here is a very serviceable hint for use next time the reader is summoned for the non-payment of his washing bill. Simply sprint round to the nearest "uncle" and hypothecate a pair of boots, produce the pasteboard before the County Court beak, explaining that you had to borrow your second cousin's Sunday pair to come to the Court in, and the trick is done.

* * *

The Bridegroom's Precedence.

Mrs. Dana, née Holliday, is doubtless quite sincere in saying she is thoroughly convinced that her wedding was the most beautiful a girl ever had; but one can certainly question where the excess of beauty comes in. The affair certainly was not conventional, the bride being anxious to have a wedding different from that of all other girls; but unconventionality is not necessarily beautiful.

* * *

There were neither bridesmaids nor best man, the bride wore no orange blossoms, and the ceremony was performed under an arbour—near the old Longfellow homestead—the groom being a grandson of the poet. The officiating "minister" was just a plain, prosaic, unimpressive justice of the peace.

* * *

One amusing thing about the affair is, that the young couple, being Socialists, and professing therefore to believe in equal rights, drew up for their union a marriage ritual which was intended to express their belief in that equality. Yet, somehow, the man, as usual, took precedence all through. He was the first to be interrogated by the "officiant," and to reply, the first to express desire and intention, and the first to act in the exchange of rings which formed part of the ceremony; while the bride's "I hope to be a true comrade and your helpmate" had in it quite a note of subservience when contrasted with his "I hope so to live that you may never regret the choice."

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Perhaps it was as a sort of counterpoise that the ring she put on the groom's finger was only silver, whereas the one he put on hers was gold. Anyhow, it's all very droll.

* * *

Degrading Sport at Leicester.

The Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals seems to be emulating one of them—to wit, the tortoise. For thirty-one years rat-killing competitions have been carried on in Leicester in the most barefaced way, and the R.S.P.C.A. appears but recently to have become aware of the fact. Either that, or heretofore it has failed to do its duty in the matter of the Leicester rat-pit; for it was not till recently that it took action. However, better late than not at all; and henceforth, perhaps, rat-killing competitions in Leicester will be but a degrading sport of the past.

LORD NORTHCLIFFE AND THE "DAILY MAIL" EXCHANGE.

The Financial Editor of the *Modern Man* announced last week that for a merely nominal fee he would carry through the sale or purchase of shares, so as to obviate the extortionate fees now being charged on the Stock Exchange.

Then the *Daily Mail* follows in its usual astute way with exciting announcements of "The *Daily Mail* Exchange" for share transactions free of charge. Evidently Lord Northcliffe wanted to see if there was "Something in it" before setting up machinery for handling this business, and the fact that Lord Northcliffe now announces a further development of a "*Daily Mail* Bureau" to carry through these share transactions proves that he has discovered there is "something in it."

We want to warn Lord Northcliffe that he must be very careful he does not get his leg pulled by some of the clever City sharps and duffing debenture dealers who always have a large amount of rubbish in bonds and such like to foist on to an unsuspecting public.

Earnest Attention Needed.

Lord Northcliffe must remember that the *Daily Mail*, with its big circulation, extending to all the small towns and villages throughout the country, must include among its readers a very large unsuspecting and ignorant public, who would think because a share is cheap it is worth purchasing, and the mere fact that the shares may be announced in the columns of the *Daily Mail* will be taken as a sufficient guarantee by these people that the securities are all right.

Let Lord Northcliffe take warning and give this matter his very earnest and immediate attention, as we have reason for these remarks, and it would be a pity to see the great Lord Northcliffe and the *Daily Mail* made use of for the purpose of working off bonds or shares of doubtful value upon an innocent public.

Lord Northcliffe is an astute and clever journalist, but he has his limitations, and he is not a financier or versed in the wily ways of the City share pusher; but we have very good reason for believing that unless he seeks expert advice beyond any sordid influence he will find the latest *Daily Mail* wheeze will land him and his paper into a muddle, out of which it will be difficult to extricate himself and his paper without serious damage to the reputation of both.

Thank heaven we've no volcanoes over here! Jumping down the crater of one has, says a Reuter message from Tokio, become a popular method of committing suicide in Japan. Somehow or other, one doesn't like the idea even of suicides disappearing in that manner; though, to be sure, it would save the coroner a lot of work, not to mention his juries.

* * *

Prison Preferred to Workhouse.

Another instance which goes to show that the present much ameliorated prison system cannot have been designed to act as a deterrent. "I shall be all right in prison," chuckled a man charged the other day with refusing to break stones while an inmate of a workhouse; and the magistrate, in sentencing him to fourteen days, reluctantly admitted: "Yes, I know that. Prisons are much better than workhouses. People are recommended to send their delicate friends there for week-ends. They are like health-resorts."

THE DODGER:

How a Bailiff Settled Sam Simms.

By E. WADE LANG.

"If you think you're goin' to dodge 'im for the rest of your nacheral existence," said Mrs. Simms, as she swept up the kitchen after breakfast, "it's more'n I do."

"Seems to me," observed Mr. Simms, at ease in his comfortable chair, with his pipe lighted and the morning paper handy, "seems to me it's a matter o' which of us lives the longest."

"Don't you flatter yourself," retorted his energetic wife. "He'll be bringin' better men nor you to justice long after you're no more. I shall get a bit of peace meself then. I wonder you ain't ashamed of yourself hidin' behind your wife's apron all day!"

As Mrs. Simms had long since given up wearing that useful detail of tidy domestic habit it is to be supposed that her remark was more figurative than literal. Mr. Simms's sole acknowledgement was a gentle enjoyable sigh.

"That's what it amounts to," she went on, arguing with a silent disagreement. "Don't I 'ave to meet 'im at the door every time he comes and tell 'im my husband ain't at 'ome, while all the time you sit there trembling, the gates of prison yawning before your eyes?"

"The only thing that yawns is meself," said Mr. Simms defensively. "Besides, a man don't get locked up in this yer civilised country for a little matter o' debt. It's only a matter of principle as makes me stick out against having thisyer judgment summons served upon me. If anybody oughter be ashamed of hisself it's old Bill Skinner—puttin' an old pal in the Court just because he can't meet his butcher's bill for the time being! Ain't every business man accustomed to being temp'rally embarassed sometimes?"

"Business man!" retorted his wife acridly. "If you was to go out and prove it, instead of loiterin' about here interferin' with my work, it'd look better of you!"

"It's the jobbin' carpenter's close season just now," explained Mr. Simms, stretching in the ecstasy of comfort.

A knock at the door, and Mr. Simms frowned heavily, getting to his feet. "Does he know me, d'yer think?" he asked.

"I dunno. I don't think he does. He seems a stranger about here."

"Well, then, 'ere goes," and he rolled up his sleeves, revealing great hairy arms.

"What! You ain't goin' to fight 'im!" she said determinedly. "No, you ain't, Sam. You take it from me, you ain't."

"Of course I ain't!" he agreed. "Go and open the door to 'im. Show 'im the ole 'ouse if he wants to see it. I shall be all right," and with an air of deliberate confidence he went out by the back door.

The caller was polite, but annoyingly pertinacious.

"Very sorry, ma'am," he said, "but I got to give him this, and here I stop till I have the pleasure of seeing him. Pleasant sight for your neighbours to see me reclining on your doorstep all day. And if he doesn't come out to-day I shall be bound to wait all night. And if he doesn't come out to-morrow—well, don't you think you'd better find him?"

"He ain't 'ere, I keep on tellin' you," she declared stridently. "You can come in and see for yerself if you like!"

He accepted the invitation, and accompanied the inwardly trembling figure into each room with an expression that suggested it was all a waste of time, but that concession must be made to politeness.

"Very nice, clean, and comfortable," he observed appreciatively.

"Oh, shut up!" she said, "you ain't comin' to live 'ere."

"Nice bit of garden, too," he remarked, after they had toured the house.

"Yes, ain't it?" she agreed hurriedly. "Wouldn't you like a cup of tea?"

"Thanks. But shall we have it outside? It looks inviting there."

"Oh, you can search it, if that's what you mean," she said desperately. She preceded him out.

A big figure working in the adjoining garden straightened his back and negligently rested on his rake.

"Good-mornin', Mrs. Simms," he said heartily.

She started.

"Just doin' a bit of weedin'," he continued, and looked over the fence into the Simms' garden, prolific with disused tins and half bricks. "It looks as if yours could do with a bit of attention," he went on, pleasantly, "but, of course, it ain't much time Mr. Simms can get in at it, him bein' so busy. Fond of gardenin', sir?" he continued, addressing her companion with an open smile.

Mrs. Simms plucked at the stranger's sleeve, and subdued her voice appealingly. "Don't tell 'im why you're 'ere."

The giant over the fence shaped his mouth to whistle, and lowered his right eyelid significantly. "Oh, I see! Lovin' secrets! Ah, well! don't mind me!"

The polite gentleman reddened a little.

"I've only just called in to see Mr. Simms on a matter of business," he explained.

"Av *coorse* you 'ave!"

The caller turned to Mrs. Simms. "I would like to have a little private chat with our friend," he said, pointedly. "Perhaps you'll excuse me for a minute."

Her glance wavered between his and the broad back now bent over a miniature flower bed. "With pleasure," she said, elaborately, "if me room's better than me company." Upon which she retired into the house.

The caller stepped up to the fence.

"Ah," he said casually, "can you spare me a moment? Let me introduce myself. My name's Atkins—Mr. Ebenezer Atkins."

"And mine's Jessup—Mr. Samuel Jessup, at your service," said the sandy-haired neighbour, discarding his rake and making a leisurely advance. "Pleased to know you," he said, shaking hands. "Friend o' yourn?" he inquired, indicating the neighbouring back-door.

"No, I can hardly call her that. But we're breaking the ice—we getting on topping. It's really Mr. Simms I called in to see. I suppose you haven't seen him knocking about this morning?"

"No, I can't say I 'ave," returned the other, with a thoughtful scratching of his head. "Not this mornin', at any rate. He's one of the best. Always got on well with 'im, me, anyhow, I did." He paused with an expression of pleased recollection. "Tell you what it is," he went on, lowering his voice, "'er—'is missus—is a hot un. Leads 'im a dooce of a life, from what I can hear. Atween you and me I shouldn't be surprised if he 'as left 'er—gone away for good. He's often threatened to. On'y last night he ses to me, 'Sam,' he ses, 'I can't stand this no longer. I'm orf, d'yer see. *Orf*!' It's fax I'm tellin' yer!"

Atkins walked away briskly in the direction of the Simms' back door, and the sandy-haired neighbour looked after him.

All at once he heard a scream.

"You leave me alone! You stop that! Don't yer touch me! D'ye hear?"

It was Mrs, Simms's voice, uplifted in shrill rebuke.

"Well, of all the cheek!" said the sandy-haired man. He vaulted the fence and hastened to the scene of the disturbance. Through the open scullery window he sighted Mrs. Simms endeavouring to keep at a distance an amorous looking Mr. Atkins.

"Here! *you*!" roared the man outside. "You just leave my wife alone!"

He plunged within, only to find that Mr. Atkins had become surprisingly business-like all of a sudden, and was holding out an official-looking document.

"Very clever!" he remarked sarcastically. "Very clever indeed! I had to make sure of you, you know, though, to tell you the truth, I had my doubts of it all the time. You'll find it all right, I think—seven-and-sixpence extra costs for the time wasted in serving. *Good-morning*, Mr. Simms. I wasn't really going to kiss your wife, you know—though, between you and me, I've often kissed worse. Ta-ta!"

A PAWNBROKER'S "SPECS."

MAN AS HE APPEARS TO "UNCLE."

The pawnbroker was elderly, and he wore gold-rimmed spectacles which gave him a benevolence not sustained by his natural features.

But he spoke as one having experience, and therefore with authority.

His shop was admirably situated for the display of the gilded balls.

It was in a quiet street, yet in the centre of a busy locality. It was as easy to get to it from the fashionable squares as it was from the West End slums.

There was also a small coterie of artists round about; Uncle has many mahl and palette nephews! These bring him the pictures that will never find a place on the line. Looked at through a pawnbroker's spectacles man would seem to be a failure.

Uncle comes in contact chiefly with those who have reached the bottom of the ladder.

But the keeper of many household gods is speaking.

Parrot and It's Yiddish.

"We have all sorts of customers. There is the young man who is living too fast for his means. He wants big sums, but the security he offers is extra good—at first. Then, as he begins to go downhill, the articles lessen in value, and finally he disappears, goes down with the vortex, kept afloat for a while by selling the pledge tickets.

"All sorts of strange things are brought to us. A medical student the other day wanted to pledge a human skeleton, and I have a whole collection of surgical instruments left on my hands by the wild young dogs, whose long-suffering parents fit them out again with new ones.

"Sailors and dock hands often come with outlandish treasures for me to keep for them—that is their way of putting it. One man brought a parrot and wanted a sovereign on it because it spoke Yiddish. Another offered a tame snake for eccentric reasons. He was sober and had no use for it at present, he explained. Needless to say we obliged neither.

A "Captain" on the Books.

"There was the 'Captain'—the name on our books was not his own. He was a very frequent customer. Sometimes the things he wanted to pledge were of fair value, at others not; but we generally obliged him, for he redeemed them at longer or shorter intervals. He was a character—military swagger, hat on one side, carefully trimmed moustache, and all the rest; but the fire in his eye came from spirits apart from himself—it was not valour, but rum. I don't know how he lived—probably by his wits, and as these served him ill or well we saw little or much of him.

"Drink, of course, brings us most of our customers, but women are the cause of a big percentage."

"Ever have anything to do with parsons?"

"Bless you, yes. There was one in here the other evening, just before closing time. Young fellow he was, too. Said he wanted to help a poor man and had left his purse at home, so he pledged a gold watch, one of Benson's best. Of course, there wasn't any poor man in the case, it was a lady on the halls who had tempted his reverence beyond his strength. He redeemed the watch some months later, when doubtless he was a wiser if a sadder man for his experience. Perhaps!

Once a Prosperous Lawyer.

"What was that customer trying to pledge?"

"Oh! a pair of old trousers. He's been here on an average once a week since we opened this shop. He's a crank. No more in need of cash than I am myself, but it is a mania with him, this pledging of all kinds of things. He takes away a pair of boots and leaves an overcoat in their place. That man that just went out used to be a prosperous lawyer, and he is a clever man still when he is sober. Cards ruined him, and drink.

"Yes! this is a harbour in which all the derelicts drop anchor before they finally drift out of sight. That sword was pledged by a man who had served his country well; and I've some medals, too, of his in a case upstairs, but he went wrong, got mixed up with a shady lot, and fell from bad to worse. The last time I saw him he was selling matches in the street.

"Ah! we see a lot of the seamy side of life, and I fancy there is a lot of stock locked up in our safes that we don't enter when we take stock—hopes and dreams, I mean.

A. M. STEWART.

THE OTHER SIDE.

WHY A MAN SHOULD RE-MARRY.

In last week's issue of the *Modern Man* a writer stated that second marriages are usually failures. Whether they spell happiness or not I would rather not say, but in my opinion not only is it wise but often incumbent upon a man to re-marry.

Appalling Loneliness of Woman.

It has been argued that a man re-marries merely for the sake of convenience. But why not look at it from the woman's point of view. Few men can realise the apalling loneliness of a lonely woman.

Men have their clubs, their friends, their dinner parties and theatres, but what is there to relieve the terrible monotony and solitude of a widow? Think of the long hours of emptiness, with perhaps, if she is struggling to maintain herself, as is very often the case, the constant fear of dismissal hanging over her like a black cloud.

For only too often is she left in comparative poverty with children dependent upon her. She will work herself almost to a bone—but work is not always forthcoming. For some reason or other employers are peculiarly reluctant to employ a married woman, especially if she has children. On this account alone it is no less than man's duty to re-marry.

Marriage the Finest State.

But looking at the question from a broad standpoint, why shouldn't a man re-marry? Life is a continuous thing. We marry to-day and perhaps one of us die to-morrow, and the survivor is no longer a married person. There is no logical reason why he or she should not marry again, for after all the married state is the finest state, and we should always strive to maintain it. Is it to be expected that a man should penalise or sterilise all the remaining years of his existence merely because his first wife has pre-deceased him?

Some men have been known to refrain from re-marrying merely for reasons of sentiment. Perhaps a man had cherished memories of happy moments when he had made promises of life-long devotion and affection to his first wife—of affection that should never, never be given to anyone else. But would she like to see him plunged into a life of miserable loneliness—with merely a promise made under such different conditions as the one barrier to happier circumstances? I for one do not think so.

Queen Victoria's Prejudice.

Queen Victoria, it will be remembered, was prejudiced against second marriages, and for this reason many people think it is a very sublime and beautiful thing for a man and woman to be so much in love with one another that the thought of a second partner when the first is dead can never even be contemplated. It is a foolish notion, and one that is based on sentiment, and as I have pointed out, sentiment should never be made a barrier to re-marriage.

Second marriages, of course, are only second best, and it would be the most perfect thing if first marriages could be of life-long duration. But they are not, and there is always one partner who falls by the way. But surely there is no reason why the remaining partner should not marry again, and, in my opinion, it is paying a compliment to the lamented dead by replacing him or her when an opportunity presents itself. Common-sense should never be over-ruled by sentiment when a life's happiness is at stake.

It must also be remembered that the female considerably exceeds the male population. This in itself is a strong argument why men should re-marry, for by doing so a greater number of women are given the opportunity of becoming wives—and mothers.

Children and Maternal Guidance.

Are second marriages good for the children of the first marriage? Undoubtedly there is a risk, as the writer of last week's article pointed out, but this risk is not nearly so serious as that of bringing the children up without maternal guidance. If a man left with children can rely upon the help of his sister or sister-in-law perhaps he is justified in refusing to marry again. Nevertheless even in this case such a course would be wiser, for a good wife after all makes the best of mothers, even if the children are her husband's by his first marriage.

When all is said and done, second marriages are not only justifiable, but often desirable under favourable circumstances.

STANLEY KING.

SAVED NINE LIVES IN SHIPWRECK.

If Fate had not thrown Colonel Seely, M.P., the new Secretary for War, into politics, he would certainly have been heard of in other directions.

After leaving Cambridge he was called to the Bar at the Inner Temple. But life had more exciting things in store for him than a practice at the Bar. His home is in the Isle of Wight, and he has taken part in a good deal of lifeboat work.

On one occasion a French ship was in distress and on the point of foundering just outside the range of a rocket-apparatus on the coast. With a life-line round his waist he swam out to the ship. By so doing he saved nine lives, and he holds a gold medal from the French Government for the achievement.

When Colonel Seely first entered Parliament he was Conservative representative for the Isle of Wight, and held the seat from 1900 to 1906, when he became a Liberal M.P. He was taking part in the South African War when elected for the Isle of Wight. Mrs. Seely, however, well championed his candidature, and her address to the electors, in which she naively wrote "You will realise how anxious I am for his success," proved perfectly irresistible.

HOUSEKEEPER AND "THE FOLLIES."

Of course, Mr. H. G. Pélissier, the well-known "Folly," has many amusing stories to tell of his various experiences as a public entertainer.

Once, while he and his company were appearing at a certain well-known seaside town, they were much amused by the remarks of an old lady in the front row of the audience. "Poor things," she said sadly to the friend beside her. "Don't they seem happy and contented? They might almost be ladies and gentlemen!"

It was a Londoner who paid the "Follies" the strangest compliment they ever received. One man was so pleased with their quaint drolleries that he gave a ticket to his housekeeper. A few days later he met Mr. Pélissier and told him the verdict. It seems that his housekeeper had returned highly pleased and had said with enthusiasm: "Oh, sir! It's as good as 'East Lynne'!"

A LADY AND A MAN.

A story, typical of those people who always know more about you than you know about yourself, is told by the great "coster-artist," Mr. Albert Chevalier, whom many contend should have been included in the Royal command programme at the Palace Theatre.

At a friend's house he took a lady, a stranger, down to dinner. Their introduction had been very hurried, and she evidently had not caught Mr. Chevalier's name. During dinner she began to talk about "Chevalier," and for the fun of the thing the actor scouted any idea of his talent as a performer. Much to his amusement, the lady resented his "criticism." He was on the point of making his identity known, when, turning round suddenly after saying something especially complimentary about his work, she exclaimed, "Ah! but he's a bad man—a really bad man. I know for a fact that some years ago he deserted his wife and three children—left them to starve!"

Then Chevalier gently explained to her that he was not, and never had been married.

KEEPER'S LAD AND THE HARE.

An amusing story is told of an experience of the Duke of Devonshire. One day his Grace was strolling through one of his fields, near Chatsworth, when he shot a hare. A small boy immediately jumped out from behind a hedge. "Here, mester," cried the lad, "you mustna touch that." "Why not?" asked the duke. "Why, it's th' duke's," answered the boy, "an' he'll have you locked up if he knows." "Oh," said the duke, "then will you take charge of it?" "Ay, that I will," answered the boy promptly, "my father's a keeper." Half-an-hour afterwards the boy and the hare arrived in the kitchen at Chatsworth.

The duke had taken a short cut home, and had the boy brought to him. The little chap was in distress when he saw the mistake he had made, but the duke give him a five-shilling piece, called him "a good lad," and sent him away rejoicing.

JOKE WITH A PHONOGRAPH.

Perhaps it is not generally known that Mr. Thomas Edison, the famous inventor, cannot hear a word spoken unless it is almost shouted.

When quite a lad he travelled on the American trains—which are all of the corridor type—and made his living selling newspapers, magazines and sweets. By arrangement with the guard in the luggage van, he had a small corner where he studied chemistry at odd moments.

One day a piece of phosphorus dropped on the floor, and set the car on fire. Though the flames were immediately extinguished, the guard was so angry that he threw all the chemical apparatus off the train, and, by way of punishment, lifted Edison by his ears. This violence broke both ear-drums, and the inventor became deaf permanently.

The first phonograph was made in thirty hours by a mechanic to whom Edison had shown a rough sketch of the proposed machine soon after the idea had been worked out, and Mr. Edison was not slow to have his little joke by means of the machine he invented. He had one of the phonographs in a guest's room. Just as his friend was about to get into bed a sepulchral voice exclaimed, "Eleven o'clock; one hour more!"

The visitor sat up for some time in anything but a peaceful frame of mind, but as nothing further happened he composed his nerves and lay down again. But sleep refused to visit his eyelids. He lay awake wondering what the end of the hour was to bring, when the midnight chime sounded and a second voice, deeper and more sepulchral than the first, groaned out, "Twelve o'clock; prepare to die."

This was a little too much for the astonished guest, who leaped out of bed, opened the door, and dashed into the landing, where he was confronted by the inventor, who was holding his sides with suppressed laughter.

"POMP AND CIRCUMSTANCE" IN A GAOL.

Dozens of anecdotes could be written around the name of Sir Edward Elgar. One evening, while on his way to the Shire Hall, Hereford, to conduct a rehearsal for the musical festival, Sir Edward heard the Herefordshire Volunteer Band playing his "Pomp and Circumstance" in the old city gaol.

Surprised at hearing one of his compositions in a prison, and struck with the excellency of the performance, Dr. Elgar walked into the building. He heard a piece played through, and then got the band to play it again. He entered the prison with ten shillings more than he left with. The bandsmen drank to the health of Sir Edward at the close of their practice.

At one time he was conductor of an orchestra at the Worcestershire County Lunatic Asylum. It was also among his duties to write polkas, waltzes, etc., for which he received five shillings per set. For nigger minstrel ballads for the use of the asylum's inmates he received one and sixpence a time.

Despite his musical abilities when a lad, Sir Edward did not take to music as a profession straight away. He had an idea he would like to be a solicitor, and at the age of fifteen he entered a solicitor's office. But he stayed there only twelve months.

PEER READY FOR "HACKING."

Lord Kinnaird, who presided at the British Conference of Young Men's Christian Associations in Manchester, is well over sixty, but really he doesn't look it. This, no doubt, is largely due to the interest which he has taken in athletics.

At one time he was quite famous as an association footballer, playing on three occasions for Scotland against England. He founded the Old Etonian Football Club, and as illustrating his zeal it is said that one day when playing for the team against the Old Harrovians one of the visitors addressing him said: "Look here, Kinnaird, are we to play strict football, or are we going to have hacking?"

The question was the outcome of a kick on the leg. Lord Kinnaird responded with a laugh. "Oh' let's have hacking for a change!" Lady Kinnaird confided to a friend one afternoon that she feared her husband would return home some day with a broken leg, but she was immediately told: "Oh, don't you worry. Lord Kinnaird leaves broken legs entirely to other players!"

FAVOURITISM IN THE G.P.O.

SHOWING UP A BAD STATE OF AFFAIRS.

It is high time that the public had its eyes opened to the great dissatisfaction that prevails among Post Office employees in the matter of the conditions under which they work. So great is this feeling that the House of Commons—hardly a swift-moving body, at any time—has instituted a Select Committee to enquire into the postal servants' grievances.

For a huge organisation of such vital national importance as the G.P.O. to give entire satisfaction to the millions of King George's subjects at home and overseas, it is a supreme necessity that every wheel—if I may be allowed a metaphor—nay, every cog in the smallest wheel should work smoothly; or, in other words, that no employee, man, boy, woman, or girl, should have legitimate cause for complaint as regards working conditions.

Rank and only Ill-concealed.

But this is by no means the case. Favouritism, rank and only ill-concealed, is rife throughout the country; and the *Modern Man* proposes to show up what is nothing short of a national scandal. The earnest worker in any trade, industry, or service, works with one predominating idea—promotion. It is the shining vision ahead of a snug post, after years of good service, that promotes his best efforts, be he postman or priest. But such aspirations are by no means fostered by the Post Office authorities in the breasts of their employees. Thousands of postal servants—sorters, telegraphists, postmen and others, drag on a working career of semi-indifference, knowing as they do that, as things stand at present, promotion is not for them, however hard they may work.

The main grievance among Post Office employees is that promotion is not decided by seniority. In the two fighting services, the Army and the Navy, this is the rule; and it is hard to understand why it should not also apply to the Civil Service. There is a rejoinder made by the postal authorities to the effect that seniority does not always denote superior ability, and that a man of comparatively short service may be more competent to take up a big post than another man considerably his senior as a postal official. This, however, is on the face of it one of the baldest propositions it would be possible to devise. As we all know, every man and woman in the branches of the service which call for brains has to pass exceedingly searching examinations in all manner of subjects. And it can be taken for granted that a person capable of passing these examinations must, of necessity, be anything but an "incompetent." Moreover, the work of almost every Post Office employee is more or less mechanical, so that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred seniority must in fact constitute fuller experience and consequently stronger claims to promotion.

Further, the system by which promotion is decided at present leaves the way very open for corruption, and for the putting into snug posts of comparatively inexperienced persons who happen to be relations or friends of influential officials.

Promotion is nominally in the hands of the Controller, in London, and the chief postmaster or the district surveyor, in the provinces. But, in actual fact, it is really in the power of far inferior officials—the superintending officers, to wit—to give a "lift" to those whom they have some reason or other to regard with favour.

Superintending Officers' Sympathy.

These superintending officers report periodically to the chief postmaster or the surveyor, as to the respective qualifications of the various aspirants to any vacancy that may occur; and it is not to be wondered at that these men should recommend their own relations or friends most strongly. It is for this reason that a man who is first on the list of aspirants by virtue of seniority may be passed over for a youngster who is twenty-seventh out of thirty, simply because the latter has in some way or other enlisted the sympathies of the superintending officer.

Although in big towns and cities where the post offices are heavily staffed (thus admitting of their organising so as to combat such practices) bribery is not common, it is nevertheless undoubtedly carried on in the smaller provincial districts. An employee who is able to do the district superintending officer a good turn of any kind can safely expect to rise quickly. For instance, here is a case in point. We cannot, for obvious reasons, give names or the locality, but the facts may be accepted as correct. In a small provincial post office where some fifteen clerks were employed, a superintending officer rented a house belonging to the father of a junior employee. After a time, however, the astute parent allowed him to occupy it rent free; and it is a significant fact that when the next vacancy for promotion occurred the junior in question obtained the post—the increment of which exceeded the rent of the house by a long way—passing over the heads of several men who had worked in the same office for years longer than he, and all of whom were undeniably more competent men.

Some very grave revelations were made recently before the House of Commons Select Committee on this subject by Mr. Charles G. Ammon, a London sorter, and also the Parliamentary Secretary of the National Joint Committee of Postal and Telegraph Associations. One of his statements was to the following effect:—

In one office, where there were about 200 men employed, promotion was given to a man as low down on the scale of seniority as 116. It is illuminating to note that he was the son of a postmaster, and had married the sister of an assistant postmaster of the office in which he was promoted.

Instances in Birmingham.

Some more of Mr. Ammon's revelations, taken from a verbatim report of the Committee's enquiry are as follows:

At Birmingham, three sorting clerks and telegraphists, whom we may call Messrs. A, B, and C, were promoted to the class of overseer on April 3rd, 1911. Appointments dated February 20th, 1911, passed over 54, 105, and 116 senior men respectively. Now, A had been employed on writing duties for several years, and had done very little sorting work. B was brother-in-law to the assistant postmaster of Birmingham. He came to Birmingham from Tunbridge Wells, where, although unable to pass his qualifying examinations, he was given an appointment because there was no one else available. C was also the son of a postmaster.

At Shrewsbury, in March 1912, a junior man, number 35 on a list of 68, was promoted to the post of Assistant Inspector of Postmen after only a fortnight's trial over the heads of the senior men, including the Inspector of Telegraph Messengers and the Head and Assistant Head Postman.

Evading Increased Payment.

The above facts are undoubtedly sufficient—capable as they are of being proved by the giving of chapter and verse—to support our allegations of Post Office favouritism up to the hilt. Before concluding, however, we may fitly give publicity to another very powerful grievance of postal officials.

In the event of a superior official falling ill or being absent from duty from any other cause, his work will be done by an immediate subordinate. In this connection, the rule of the Post Office, as enforced as a result of the Hobhouse Committee some years ago, is that after having done this higher work for over 56 days, the subordinate shall draw the minimum wage attendant on the higher work during the rest of the time he is engaged upon it.

But, alas, the postal authorities have devised a subtle but hardly laudable means of evading this increased payment. As soon as one unfortunate man has done the higher work for 56 days he is not allowed to continue it; another subordinate being set to work on it in his stead. Here we have a policy of pettiness which, we may warn the Postmaster General, is creating in the minds of hard-worked postal servants a spirit which is, in cold fact, very little short of actual disaffection.

J. S. C.

SWINDLES.

A CRIMINAL'S REVELATIONS.

By WORMWOOD PORTLAND.

24.—LOTTERY TICKET NO. 13,111.

[We desire it to be thoroughly understood that the names of all the people mentioned in these articles are fictitious. Where reference is made to men or women still alive, any indication as to their actual identity has been removed from the manuscript.—EDITOR.]

When I got into a little bit of trouble in connection with a bogus limited liability company I had been trying to float, my chief surprise was that I had not got into worse trouble before in connection with other bogus limited liability companies that I had floated. I have said nothing about them, for the simple reason that the "modus operandi" in the case of all such companies is so well known.

Forlorn Ladies' Proposals.

Good luck in the person of a semi-senile magistrate, and good management in the form of perjury got me safely out of "the little bit of trouble" I did at last get into, and the only annoyance that outlived my abortive prosecution was in consequence of the publicity given to one of my names and one of my addresses. These items of information seemed to have been noted by advertisers and others all over the country, and an extraordinary number of communications poured in on me—including several, by the by, from forlorn females proposing marriage. Presently these communications began to include some curious specimens from the Continent, and even letters from the Colonies. Such is fame in these days of a cheap Press and many papers.

Information from Touting Agents.

Among my missives from the Continent were several from the touting agents of sundry foreign State lotteries. Now, whatever the ethical objections to the raising of money by means of organised and guaranteed State speculations of this class, they are not swindles, and therefore the elaborate particulars about them with which I was favoured had no special interest for me; but all the same they turned my thoughts in a new direction. There was one firm in Hamburg, that sent me so many "follow up" (printed) letters after their first attempt to get the price of a share out of my pocket that I was led to centre my attention on the particular lottery they were booming. This was an affair dangling the chance of a first prize of the equivalent of ten thousand pounds in British money, with numerous intermediate prizes between that and the lowest one. The date of the drawing was not definitely announced.

Securing a Ticket.

Although it soon struck me that something in the way of a swindle might be successfully worked in association with this Hamburg State Lottery, or one of the others, it was some time before I saw clearly how to do it. When my idea did take distinct shape, I elaborated my plans, and got them under way, without hesitation and as quickly as possible.

I was at the great disadvantage to begin with of being very short of funds. I had practically nothing for initial expenses. No circumstances of this sort, however, had ever deterred me before, and I wasn't going to let it deter me now.

Having fixed my choice on the Hamburg affair I have more particularly referred to, it was in the first place necessary to get possession of a genuine ticket for a share in it. It went sorely against the grain to have to pay for one honestly—thirteen shillings and eightpence—but there was no help for it, so I parted. I drew No. 13,111. If my memory deceives me as to these exact numerals, they will still do as well as any others.

Printers and Crooksmen.

The first real difficulty lay in the fact that I should want a little printing done, or rather in the fact that this little printing, in paper, type and style, would all have to look genuine, faithfully reproducing the distinguishing peculiarities of the German way of turning out this sort of thing. As I was not going to run any avoidable risk of discovery and disappointment, or even of suspicion, after all my trouble, this verisimilitude was a *sine qua non*.

Now there are three or four printers in London, known only to the elect, who are open to serve the ends of enterprising crooksmen on the make, but not only are their prices very stiff and their conditions very exacting, but their resources are sadly behind the times, leaving much to be desired when anything very special or unusual is wanted. One after the other I tried these few, but without satisfaction. One wouldn't take me on at all, in consequence of having against me an unsettled account representing a considerable total; another wanted security for half profits; the others had not the plant. I mention these difficulties in order not to lose any of the credit that belongs to me for overcoming them.

No Room for Any Fear.

I saw at last that to get the job done properly, or even at all, I should have to get it done abroad. I had already decided that I had better go to Hamburg myself, on the eve of my coup, so as to have the Hamburg post-mark to show, but I hadn't reckoned on having to incur the expense of two trips there. However, if two were necessary, two must be made. The first I would make at once.

To raise the wind for the journey, and for business expenditure at the end of it, I had to resort to a small subswindle which there is no need to particularise. It came off all right, and I started for Hamburg, armed with an introduction to a reliable "crook" printer in the neighbourhood of the docks there—one Karl Kartz, a name of which I make use because it is nothing like his real one.

Karl Kartz turned out to be a man after my own heart—an agreeable, obliging fellow with whom it was a pleasure to do business. He had not the ghost of a conscience—in all his fat corporation he hadn't room for either a scruple or a fear. He made no trouble about anything. On the contrary, appreciating the ingenuity of the intended fraud, which his amiability encouraged me to divulge to him with little reserve, he was quite proud to be of assistance to me.

An Idea About Good Natures.

Getting thus on such excellent terms with each other, I fixed up an arrangement with him without the least trouble, the purpose and the effect of which were to obviate the necessity for the second run across the North Sea which I had previously looked upon as indispensable. There is an idea that good-natured people are less alert than others in looking after their own interests, but you'll find, if you keep your eyes open, that as a rule this idea is based on a fallacy, and that amenable, complaisant fellows like Karl are keen enough in seeing to it that they extort a fair "quid" for a rendered "quo." At all events, I had to part with almost all my remaining quids for the "quo's" I received at the hands of this easy-going German printer, but I returned to London quite satisfied—with a book of a hundred dummy tickets, divisible into half and quarter shares, for the approaching widely boomed State lottery at Hamburg.

Methods of Getting Customers.

On the total of my expenses already incurred—and there would now be no others except the cost of a wire or a posted word or two to Kartz—I immediately started in to recoup myself. I could afford to knock a variable discount off the face value of the tickets, and in the case of a good many greenhorns this was a sufficient inducement to fleece them into buying. I picked up my customers mostly among the night frequenters of saloon bars, and of places more disreputable. On one or two racecourses I sold to winners at full prices. To several intoxicated flats of the would-be sporting man type, I put it up to as much as a couple of the best, and got 'em. To cut it short, I lived on my book of spoof tickets—facsimiles to all intents and purposes of the one genuine ticket I had bought, paid for, and taken across the water with me—for about a couple of months, recovering double all my costs to and in Hamburg and back.

But this was only by-play, and a tedious game at that. I was glad when the time came to shake down the card

kept up my sleeve, and to pull off the stakes I had ally plotted for.

Announcement of the Draw.

I sent over to Karl Kartz a postcard, blank, except for its address on one side and a few scribbled words on the other, conveying no special meaning to anyone but their sender and receiver. That card was my pre-arranged signal to the waiting and willing Karl. All he had to do was to fill in the date on a communication he had helped me to draw up, and the printed parts of which he had himself printed for me.

This communication duly reached my hands—an eminently official communication. It officially announced that the drawing had come off, and that the share-ticket officially numbered 13,111 had drawn a prize of (in British money) three thousand four hundred pounds. My advices and instructions as to the "disposition" of this sum, if I still held the winning ticket, were officially awaited. Official enticements were held out to me to "invest" the whole of the amount, a considerable portion of the amount, or some portion of the amount, on the next great draw.

Preparing for "Sure Thing."

Between the dispatch of my postcard and my receipt per return of this carefully prepared "official" concoction, I drew up a lengthy list of the fish I was going to land. It was a sure thing. The bait would hide the hook in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred.

I caught three on the night of the very day on which my good news came to hand—at an hour which severely limited my instant opportunities.

With the spurious Hamburg letter and my genuine Hamburg ticket, No. 13,111, ready to my hand, I burst in on a publican in Shaftesbury Avenue to whom I owed a fiver. Even he, fly as he was, never stopped to consider whether my way of intimating results to a prize-winner was the usual way—as a matter of fact I don't myself, even now, know what is the usual way.

The publican congratulated me. He hoped I hadn't worried about that little amount between us. Of course, he had known all along that I should straighten that out all right. He was glad to hear that I was going to draw out the lot, and not leave a stiver at Hamburg for those lottery foreigners to play with. He knew of a rare good thing he could put me on to—thought I should be just in time to come into it with a few hundreds. Lend me another fiver to catch the night mail for Hamburg to draw out the oof Certainly—a couple of fivers if I liked.

Scattering I.O.U.'s Wholesale.

I suggested that I'd asked for ten pounds at the start, but as I hadn't, I thought it policy to insist on only accepting five. It was, however, for the larger amount that I touched the man when I got to Hamburg, pointing out that formalities might detain me and I might miss within sight of three thousand four hundred. The man made it eight, which was all he could spare, and I had to give him an I.O.U. for ten. The other two didn't ask for acknowledgements for any larger amounts than the sums "advanced," their idea being, of course, to play me up for something handsome when I got back with my spoils.

I hired a taxi for the whole of the next day. I drove from one address to another—from haunt to haunt. Making five "Jimmy O'Goblins" my minimum, I got a little more, up to double, in a good many cases. I gave I.O.U.'s for anything anybody liked. Even to me it was surprising how readily people parted. The "credentials" were accepted was really enough to make one despair of human intelligence. From beginning to end I was only literally kicked out twice—and I kept the game going for days.

Avaricious Lenders' Ready Response.

In fact I went even one better than ever. I shoved an advertisement in a paper, summarising the "facts," offering ten pounds for the loan of a fiver for a week. I'd like to tell you how many avaricious lenders that advertisement netted for me you wouldn't believe me.

PEN POINTS.

INTERESTING PARS FROM ALL QUARTERS.

One of the latest inventions is a penny-in-the-slot milk machine.

Twenty-six persons are in hospital at Lemberg in Galicia, having been bitten by a mad dog.

Women frequently borrow dress ideas from men, and now they are beginning to wear braces. They are made of web and can be had in almost any colour.

Walking immediately behind the coffin, a pet pony was chief mourner at the funeral of Mr. William Page, a well-known Acton builder, in accordance with Mr. Page's wish.

When a cockney was charged at Willesden with being drunk, a policeman said he found him climbing a lamp-post, and when he asked him what he was doing he replied that he was going up to the moon.

A swarm of bees took possession of a pillar box at Bullington, Hampshire, and no letters could be posted until the arrival of a postman several hours afterwards; when the box was unlocked and the swarm hived.

At Ballycotton, County Cork, Mr. J. N. Hearn, a London member of the British Sea Anglers' Society, while fishing from a boat hooked a halibut, which scaled 135lbs. and is the largest of its kind ever taken on the rod in the waters of the British Isles.

Apropos of the recent strike it is interesting to note that the waterman who struck in the old days found himself falling foul of the law. In 1372 the City authorities in fixing a scale of fares decreed that "no boatman should withdraw himself from serving the people, on pain of imprisonment."

The Olympia Serenade Pavilion at Nottingham having been broken into three times, the proprietor procured an Airedale terrier. The other morning, as a boy dropped over the fence, the dog seized him by the trousers and held him till the arrival of a watchman, who handed him over to the police.

An alarm of fire, given by a cat, resulted in eight lives being saved at the house of Mr. James Williams, of Cilfynydd, near Pontypridd. Mr. Williams was awakened by the persistent mewing of a pet cat at his bedside. He found the house on fire and roused the housekeeper and six children, who escaped in safety.

Henry Smallwood, aged 91, formerly employed as a chair-maker, of High Wycombe, has 152 descendants living, including 93 great-grandchildren, and seven great-great-grandchildren. He has a brother aged 92, and a sister aged 80. A son, a grandson, a great-grandson, and a great-great-gandson are all named Henry.

Some interesting information with regard to begging letters has been given by Mr. Robert Pierpoint, chairman of the London Mendicity Society. He divided begging letter writers into the following proportionate classes:—28 per cent. absolute impostors, 59 per cent. quite undeserving or "unhelpable," 8 per cent. deserving, and 5 per cent. very deserving.

The cinematograph is being employed in the German Army as a means of teaching recruits to shoot. Recruits are placed before a curtain on which infantry and cavalry in the act of charging towards them are projected by the cinematograph. The recruits open fire on the moving pictures, and a light placed behind the curtain marks their hits by shining through the holes made by their bullets.

On the information of neighbours, a resident in Upper Holloway, London, was summoned for keeping "a noisy animal, to wit, a thrush." Evidence was given by neighbours that the thrush started to sing about 3.30 a.m. and prevented them from sleeping. The defendant said the thrush was a lovely songster, with a nice mellow note, but promised to remove its cage from his back garden.

An innovation introduced by the Northside Bank of New York has been well received. Each customer is required to lodge with the bank not only his signature, but an impression of his fore and index fingers. He receives with his cheque-book some composition, and having damped his finger on a pad, he touches it and then adhibits his finger impression to the cheque. By this means a forged signature is next to an impossibility, and it is stated that not a single customer has objected to adopt this precautionary measure.

CRICKET BOREDOM.

REFORMS THAT ARE URGENTLY NEEDED.

It is an undeniable though deplorable fact that cricket has not the grip nowadays on the interest of the sporting public that it had even such a short time as ten years ago.

Some of the County clubs are perilously near bankruptcy owing to the paucity of attendances. Derbyshire, for instance, on the first day of their match against Hants, had a "gate" of only 189 people. Several other counties are in practically as bad circumstances. What is the reason—or the reasons—for this indifference on the part of the public for the national summer game?

Art of the Stroke.

The truth is that cricket—to look at—is dull in the same way that billiards is dull. The average man who watches cricket has no real appreciation—whatever he may say—for the finer points of play. He wants to see things happen. He wants to see a stump fly five or six yards out of the ground, or a ball whizz over the pavilion roof. A ball, say, that would easily have bowled most men, is met by Tom Hayward in the nick of time and patted back to the bowler. What does the average man care for that? What is the consummate science to him? The old County, University, or Public School player, in the pavilion, sees and appreciates the art of the stroke; but the temporarily emancipated shop-assistant, sweating in his uncovered seat by the ropes, does not. To him cricket is dull, and as he, after all, is the man who pays the piper, he is in the position to call the tune—which should take the character of certain reforms to brighten the summer game.

Over Rule Needs Altering.

First and foremost, one of the sharpest thorns in the flesh of the cricket spectator is the shortness of the overs. Six balls, especially if they are unproductive of runs, are soon bowled; and then the monotonous low call, "Over," floats across the ground, and there follows the eternal leisurely stroll of the fielding side from one position to another. Then there is a lot of hand-waving by the bowler and captain, and further slight shiftings of positions. I am firmly of opinion that if the length of an over were fixed at six minutes' bowling instead of six balls, interest in the game would be more sustained.

Against the "Stonewaller."

The mastery of the bat over the ball has been widely discussed; the wider wickets and narrower bats have both been suggested. Neither of these would serve much purpose, however. The spectators like to see a bright and rapid scorer like G. L. Jessop on his day. The complaint is against the "stonewaller" the man of whom we hear that he "was at the wicket three-and-a-half hours in the compilation of his fourteen runs." It is a drastic suggestion, but it might very possibly be beneficial, that a man should be declared "out" if he failed to make at least one run out of every six true balls delivered—wides and no-balls not to be counted. This would make for freer hitting and consequently brighter cricket.

Another suggestion might be to limit the innings of each man to, say, half an hour. In this way it might often be possible to find a game brought to a definite conclusion in one day—thus putting cricket on comparatively even terms in a sense with football. One of the chief attractions of that game is that the spectator generally sees a definite finish after an hour and a half of excitement, whereas a game of cricket dawdles on for three days, and then is very often left drawn. If some reform to limit an innings and reduce the length of the match to a day—with a fair chance of a win and a loss—were introduced, the county grounds would probably be much better attended. This, too, will admit of Saturday matches; and the bigness of football "gates" is mainly due to the fact that the principal matches take place on the general half-holiday. If football clubs subsisted solely on mid-week "gates" their promoters' faces would be long indeed.

Tea Interval Nuisance.

Finally, why not, once and for all, abolish that useless nuisance, the tea interval? Cricketers are not tender infants; and surely a cup of tea and a cress sandwich or a piece of cake, an hour or so before drawing stumps, is not vital to their well-being! If it is, why should not a cup of tea be brought out on a tray and rapidly dispatched on the field?

SEASIDE PROSPECTS.

WHAT TO EXPECT FOR FOUR MONTHS.

Once again the curtain has risen on the annual revival of that good old comedy, the holiday season. For the next four months, the press, with charming unanimity, will inform us, morning by morning, that the weather continues to be delightfully fine at Shrimpton. The "Telegraph" will keep us *au courant* with the rate of progress at which the rails of Spratville pier are being repainted; and it is just possible that Mr. George R. Sims may make a passing reference to Bexhill.

In order to save you trouble, I have been making enquiries as to the seaside prospects at various resorts. So that you need not be too much bothered about your immediate hereafter, I now present (people tell me I'm getting more like Mr. Frohmann every day) these details to you.

Brighton.—The holiday season here is expected to be very successful. Three distinct banking firms are opening new branches in the autumn. Visitors in search of lodgings will find that accommodation is to be had at a premium at several money-lenders' establishments.

Dillington.—A phenomenally successful season is expected here. The old lady who took lodgings with Mrs. Goggs the year before last has written to say that she is coming again, and bringing her sister with her. Another deck-chair has been placed on the promenade.

Scarborough.—Among interesting fixtures for the season Miss Odolle Gwynne, the famous musical-comedy star, is arranging to lose her jewellery here in August. The season is already in full swing, and boating continues to appeal to those who like it.

Hastings.—The band will pay daily on the sea-front; proprietors of vehicles running to outlying districts expect to reap a rich harvest.

Little Dooing.—Scenes of the greatest animation and excitement are witnessed here daily on the screen at the cinema show. The cyclist who was observed riding through the town last Monday never came back.

Blackpool.—Much satisfaction is expressed locally in the fact that the recent solar eclipse does not threaten to interfere appreciably with the number of visitors this year.

Great Bawe.—Further evidence of the thoughtfulness of the railway company is forthcoming in the announcement that shunting will in future take place punctually at eleven a.m. and five p.m. The Station Hotel has already let its spare bedroom for two nights the week after next.

Cromer.—In order to allay fears, the public analyst has examined the sand, for which children seem to have so great a taste, and he finds no trace in it of arsenic, prussic acid, or tannin. Though mothers will be relieved to learn this, it is as well to remind them that the authorities make a charge for sand when removed in large quantities.

Torquay.—As the result of a lengthy meeting of townspeople, a vote of censure has been passed on Swanage, and visitors wearing sweet peas in Torquay will do so at their own risk.

Sherringham.—Considerable satisfaction is expressed at the fact that Territorials will not visit here this year. As has been justly pointed out, in the event of a German invasion, the local constabulary can be relied on to deal with the emergency in their own way.

Wearie Ness.—The season has opened happily here; owing to lack of support, the Town Band has decided to disperse.

Dover.—The naval harbour remains here, despite the desires of a section of the community who suggested that it should be hauled up on the cliffs, so as not to interfere with the shrimping.

Dozing-on-the-Marsh.—Another pleasant season is anticipated here. The bathing machine has been repaired, and Mr. Jones' fowls are now being kept in his backyard.

Southend.—It is rumoured that a special excursion train is to be run here on August Bank Holiday.

Worthing.—The town is already so full that determined visitors are securing rooms so far off as Clacton and Margate rather than miss their stay at Worthing altogether.

Lonesville.—The sight of our visitors strolling on the promenade every morning is an inspiriting one. Both of them seem to be enjoying their holiday.

F. MORTON HOWARD.

THE ASCOT GOLD CUP.

Of course, Royal Ascot was as brilliant as ever.

The Gold Cup was originally established in 1807, and was won by Master Jackey (3 yrs., 6st-2), beating three others. After that it went steadily on until 1845, in which year, by way of a delicate compliment to the Emperor Nicholas of Russia, who was over here on a visit, its name was altered to that of "The Emperor's Plate," to revert again to its old title in 1854.

In all there have been five dead-heats for the Gold Cup since the first race in 1807. The most recent was that between The White Knight and Eider in 1907, the French horse being subsequently disqualified for boring.

There has been at Ascot many a "Black Week,' to use the punters' term, and perhaps there never was a worse example than the year when poor Fred Archer was in the zenith of his fame, when those who systematically backed the "Tinman," burnt their fingers for once to a terrible extent.

One sportsman in particular, Colonel Burnaby by name, had a most heartbreaking experience. Though not given to betting as a rule, he decided to back Fred Archer's mounts steadily all through the meeting, and a shocking bad speculation it proved, for the usually invincible jockey could not win a race to save his life. Suffice it to say, that the end of the week saw the gallant Colonel on the wrong side of the hedge to the tune of upwards of £30,000.

In vain the bookmakers, in their admiration of his pluck, begged and entreated the Colonel to take his own time about settling. Every shilling was forthcoming on the Monday, and the Ring then knew they had seen the last of Colonel Burnaby.

INTERRUPTIONS.

We sat upon the daisy-spangled lawn,
Just she and I;
She softly sighed; and plucked the wee, white stars,
I wondered why.
"Can it be true," I whispered, "heart of mine
That you're my own?" She smiled—a smile divine;
Then shrieked and started up! My breath in pants
Came quick.—*Oh, bust those ants!*

We wandered then, to where a rustic stile
Inviting stood.
A charming place, thought I, to tell my love,
In this green wood.
In bliss we sat—I watched her little feet
Swing to and fro—they looked so trim and neat.
"Tell me, sweet maid," I said, "the happy day."
And then. *The stile gave way!*

Across the scented meadows next we roamed,
Till evening fell,
And heard the skylark in his aerial realm
His love-song tell.
Our hearts were full of love—we neither spoke,
The world for us contained no other folk,
This across the sward a yell came, clear and full:
"Hi, there! *Here comes the bull!*"

STANLEY ST. LEONARD.

DETECTIVES AND THEIR ROLES.

The detective is a man of many parts. There is, it is said, one officer in London whose favourite rôle is that of a drunken man, although he is a life-long teetotaller. He will reel right into the very man he wants to get hold of, and his colleagues, lingering behind, do the rest. The forte of another is posing as the fresh-from-Oxford son of a gentleman of means. The "parent" is an inspector, and they work together.

You never can tell where you will meet the men from the Yard." Almost every week they are riding about London in laundry vans and pantechnicons. The up-to-date criminal being keen, it is almost impossible to shadow him in the ordinary way on foot. So the detectives ride, and ride in such a way as to attract little or no notice.

These means of shadowing lead to interesting little adventures occasionally. Sometimes, for instance, the detectives are threatened by the police for obstructing the traffic in streets where the men who are wanted happen to be drinking or hiding. And how small the constable feels when he learns the truth.

ONLY TOO READY TO OBLIGE.

"Anythink you'd like ter know?" inquired the stout lady affably, from the corner seat in the 'bus.

And Tibbins, who had been regarding the floral display in the lady's hat with some amusement, replied meekly, "I beg your pardon?"

"Is there anything you'd like ter know, I said. Seein' as 'ow you've been looking at me this larst ten minutes as if I was a show-case at a museum, I thought you'd like a few particulars.'

"I am at a loss, madam——" commenced Tibbins, with what dignity he could call to his aid.

"You look it!" snapped the lady. "I ain't got a catalogue, so I'll give it yer by word of mouth. I'm forty-eight next birthday; born in Cannin' Town; father in the butcherin' line; I've been vaccinated twice, got a ingrowin' toe-nail, and boast a mole on me left shoulder. I'm now off ter my sister Em'ly ter pay the four pun ten she lent me last August ter git the brokers out. Mother's takin' the old-age pension, and my boy 'Enry's takin' cod-liver oil. I've never 'ad the measles, and——'

But Tibbins, unlucky Tibbins, had skipped.

HE COURTED DISAPPOINTMENT.

A sharp-featured, determined little woman popped her head out of the door, and indignantly demanded the business of a bashful young man who had been hanging around the house for hours in a pitiless downpour of rain, hoping against hope that his adored one would invite him in.

"Now then, young feller, what do yer want here? Tryin' to wear the pavement out, or what?" she demanded sarcastically.

"I reckon I've come a courtin' your daughter," the shamefaced youth admitted.

"Oh ye're after Lizzie, are yer? Then take my advice young man, and run away an' lose yerself. My gal ain't goin' to marry a chap that ain't courage to knock at the dor an' ax for her—not likely! Why, when her father came a-courtin' me 'an' found the door locked he climbed the backyard wall, strangled the bulldog, an' knocked the old man silly wi' a clump on the jaw. Then he grabbed hold of my hand an' shoved a ring as big as a cartwheel on my finger, and told me that the banns were up. That's the sort of husband I want for our Lizzie; not a shiverin' fool that ain't got sense to come in out of the rain."

THE ORIGIN OF SOAP.

It is said that soap received its name from the town of Savonna, near Genoa. Tradition has it that the wife of a fisherman of that town, having heated lye of soda in a vessel impregnated with olive oil, thus accidentally discovered this composition. Many scholars believe that soap was unknown to the ancients; but there is documentary evidence in support of the claim that soap was known a long way back.

There is found no trace whatever of soap or an analogous substance among the Greeks. When Homer in his Odyssey describes Princess Nausica washing linen with her servants, he makes no mention of her having used any substance except water in the cleansing process.

It is said that in the ruins of Pompeii soap houses have been discovered, which should tend to prove that soap was used by the ancient Romans.

The term soap seems to indicate a Germanic origin. Thus, in Anglo-Saxon, it is called *sape*, in German, *seife*, in Icelandic *sapa*, in Danish, *saebe*, in Flemish *seppio*, which latter Skinner derives from the Anglo-Saxon *sapin*, to macerate, but which, according to Wachter, might as well be derived from the Anglo-Saxon *suben*, to purify.

THE BRUTE.

"My dear," said Mr. Smith to his wife one morning as he was starting for the office, "you musn't expect me home very early to-night as I will have to dictate 26 letters."

"All right," was the response, "but I wish you wouldn't work so hard." That night:

"Just a moment, you fellows, before we deal the cards. I've got to keep my word with my wife. One of you must take down what I dictate: 'A, b, c, d, e, f, g, h, i, j, k, l, m, n, o, p, q, r, s, t, u, v, w, x, y, z.' There, those letters are off my mind."

MY NOTE BOOK.

THE "MODERN MAN'S" SERVICES.

What I said last week about our "Nice Place" postcards has evidently "gone home," as the old saying goes. Nearly every post has brought applications for the good selection promised, and, of course, they were immediately dealt with.

One reader in a North Country town has assured me, and I haven't the slightest doubt but that it is right, that for over an hour one evening two or three friends and himself were witnesses from ——. But on second thoughts perhaps I should say "'Nuff said." Anything which would tend to spoil an innocent amusement would indeed be wicked. So I'll hasten on to another subject and return to it anon.

Although the Racing Editor keeps readers informed of the progress of his little wire service, I feel I must just have a word or two to say in the matter. Of course, I have followed closely what he has been doing, and his selections have certainly shown that in "doing his best" he has been very successful. On Saturday he named two winners. Modesty apparently has kept him from referring in his columns to any congratulatory messages, but that he has received many I know and proclaim forthwith.

Quite a number of readers who have only asked for a couple of selections have been given a winner in each instance. As is only to be expected, there are times when the horse he names disappoints him. But he needs no consoling on this score. The wisest expert would be slow to guarantee a cert. He can only do his best.

The Stocks and Shares Mart introduced by the Financial Editor for the benefit of readers fortunate enough to be able to speculate but not disposed to pay what is considered an extravagant sum for suiting their requirements, has undoubtedly justified its foundation, and of this I am certain, that as long as *Modern Man* readers feel a need for assistance in financial matters the Financial Editor will spare no effort to give them his best attention.

* * *

SHORT AND PLEASING.

Before passing on to deal with items of a general character, I would like to give you a quotation from a letter received from "H.N.R." (Edinburgh) in reference to one of the *Modern Man* fountain pens supplied to him. It is short and pleasing: "Your pen," he says, "with which I am now writing, truly combines the two qualities of excellence and cheapness."

For your unsolicited testimonial—only one of a large number—many thanks, "H.N.R.," and now let me render to you a little praise. You possess a beautiful fist, and there is no fear of your driving any of your friends almost to distraction through inability to decipher your caligraphy. I have a friend who has had letters returned to him as undecipherable, and I am inclined to show him your letter when next we meet. I will let you know what happens.

* * *

ECHO OF MORRISON TRIAL.

Even supposing that in the long run disappointment should attend it, a personal conviction is at all times worth striving hard for when tempered with reason and supported by facts.

Behind prison bars, Stinie Morrison, whose sentence of death for the Clapham Common murder, was commuted to penal servitude for life, is, in a sense, dead to the world, but there are friends of his who hope, and in fact are sanguine, that at a very different time to that originally decided by law he will be free to roam as he pleases.

Since the failure of the appeal, friends of the convicted man have diligently prosecuted an inquiry to secure evidence confirming his statements as to his movements on the night before the murder, and how he came into possession of the money he spent after the crime.

This it is now claimed has been obtained, and I have it upon reliable authority, the outcome of an interview, that it is more than likely that this week will see an interesting development in a case which at the time aroused remarkable interest.

It not having been decided that fresh evidence can be admitted, I am not, of course, in the position to divulge its nature at present, but this I may say, that a great sensation is promised.

OUR FRONTISPIECE.

The result of the ten-round boxing [illegible] fixed up for Friday, in New York, between Bombardier Wells and Al. Palzer, will be awaited with considerable interest. The winner will probably meet the victor in the fight between Jack Johnson and Flynn for the championship of the world, which is to be held on July 4.

Palzer is the survivor of the bunch of "white hopes" who came to light after Johnson had proved his superiority over Jim Jeffries in the memorable championship match of July 4th, 1910. He is acknowledged to be the best white heavyweight in the States, and Wells, who is seen on the front cover in one of his determined attitudes, is to be given credit for taking him on for his first contest. They will divide 50 per cent. of the gross receipts taken, and each will have a share in the pictures. It is expected that the boxers' share of the proceeds will exceed £4,000.

Palzer has backing for £4,000 to meet the winner of the Johnson-Flynn match, and it had been his intention to be at the ringside for the purpose of issuing a challenge. However, Wells may interfere with these plans, as if the bout goes the limit of the 10 rounds the English champion, who is the superior boxer, is almost certain to be regarded as the victor. Palzer, however, is a strong, tear-in, hard-hitting fighter, who is always dangerous, as his knock-out of Al. Kaufmann (a feat that Johnson himself failed to accomplish) has proven, and he may, like Gunner Moir, prove too [illegible] for the Englishman.

Wells is in training for the event at Rye Beach, New York, where Matt Wells and Sid Burns are located, and as he finds the conditions suitable to him, he is sure to be fit and well when he faces the American. According to Reuter, the match, of course, stops all negotiations for a 20 rounds contest between the pair on the Pacific coast, but negotiations for such a meeting may be reopened should the coming contest prove unsatisfactory.

* * *

THE FREAK WEDDING CRAZE.

To be out of the common is almost a mania with some people. Quite recently [illegible] had meted out to us several new [illegible] making the marriage ceremony attractive. Perhaps in time we shall hear of a [illegible] being joined together in matrimony whilst hanging on to the weather vane of a church spire.

It will be remembered that not so very long ago a Scottish couple chose to be married in a lion's den with the [illegible] beasts as witnesses, and about the same time an American couple stood neck deep in the icy waters of a mountain stream in order to be made man and wife.

Perhaps the shortest wedding ceremony on record was performed by Justice of the Peace Hubbard. [illegible] field. Hurrying from his office, he met on the [illegible] steps a young man and his fiancée armed with a marriage license. They were unwilling to wait until the [illegible] returned from the errand on which he was bound, and time was short.

"Clasp hands," he whispered. They did. "Man and wife, two dollars," in another breathless whisper, and the little group dissolved without any of the passing [illegible] dreaming that a wedding had been performed under their very noses.

* * *

QUEER WAYS IN TIBET.

Concerning the manners of Tibetans, a traveller writes: "The male portion of the population is fond of meeting [illegible] frivolous conversation on all [illegible] and unsuitable occasions. The most the men do is hunting and robbing. The domestic work, such as [illegible] the cattle, collecting fuel, drawing water, and [illegible] everything, falls on the women. While the wife is [illegible] incessantly all day long the husband grows weary with [illegible] ness, and does not go to her assistance unless [illegible] cally incapable of doing any work at all. On horseback women are as dexterous as the men—to catch any [illegible] likes out of the troop, lay her hand on its mane and [illegible] spring on to the back of the barebacked steed, and [illegible] in any direction she wishes, is an ordinary feat [illegible] young Amdo woman."

Again: "The chiefs invited me into the [illegible] Both showed a great liking for drink, and without [illegible] tation asked me for Russian spirits, holding up both [illegible] as a sign of approval. When they had quickly [illegible] bottle of brandy, I put before them some very [illegible] kept in the stores of the expedition for [illegible] snakes, lizards, etc. The princes approved [illegible] old man got a little drunk. Fortunately, [illegible] decrepit old woman, came in most opportunely [illegible] away the tipsy old man."

SHARKS IN THE JEWELLERY TRADE: EXPOSURE OF THE CROOKED WAYS OF MAKING MONEY.

It is the ambition of most of us—whether the ambition is a laudable one does not concern the subject under discussion—to obtain as much money as possible in the easiest possible manner. Luckily, however, the great majority of us insert a saving clause to the effect that the means must also be honest ones. The jewellery shark has no such [illegible] from which to derive a dishonourable income, to wit, the natural vanity of women. So long as there are women in the world, so long will there be a demand for jewellery; and so long as there are poor women on the earth who cannot pay large sums of ready money for really valuable wares, so long will the jewellery shark continue to practise the iniquities which this article intends to expose.

Small Jeweller's Drawback.

It is interesting, perhaps, to study the genesis of the jewellery shark. In justice to him, he is often a man who would have made his living honestly if he could. But it is [illegible] that there is very little money to be made legitimately in the "small" jeweller. He caters neither for the wealthy [illegible] who can get [illegible] in Bond Street or the Rue de la Paix, nor for the working girl or woman who wants a new brooch to go with her Sunday frock, gets a trumpery article in the "general" department of the nearest big outfitting store. The result is that the man who deals in moderately good jewellery—not very expensive and not very cheap—finds a private venture in a small town or suburb, will [illegible] open his shop in the morning and close it at night day after day, without a single customer coming in. In the jewellery trade, just as in almost every other, the big [illegible] which can advertise extensively and still sell at low cut-profit prices, are forcing the small private man to sell out his stock and start afresh in some other business.

Popular Method Adopted.

The shark has probably experienced this; but instead of choosing some other trade, he simply resolves to make his living out of jewellery "on the crook." This is a very popular method of doing it among men of his type. He probably already possesses the necessary licences; but if not, they are easily obtained; and he proceeds to rent a place—it must be in a crowded central thoroughfare, for preference in the West End) for the purpose of holding an auction. The place is generally a shop with the front wall and door pulled down, and a kind of high platform, or rostrum, at the farther end. A large assortment of jewellery, watches, brooches, necklaces, etc., is stacked on this rostrum and on shelves above it; and as one may imagine, the articles that have the greatest pretensions to good quality are placed foremost. In one item the jewellery shark is very lavish; that is in electric light. Big bulbs, with large and highly polished reflectors over them, are in great profusion, making even the tawdriest plated ticker look valuable under their meretricious glare.

Accomplices Among the Crowd.

Another *sine qua non* of this kind of business is a cohort of accomplices who mingle with the crowd of inept people who are invariably attracted by auctions, be they genuine or spurious. These accomplices are all fifth-rate boxers, or even perhaps in some cases really good boxers who have seen their best days. A fair percentage of them are distributed about the room; but the majority are massed in front of the rostrum. There is a reason for this—namely, to allow the "auctioneer" to bring off the following dodge.

Auctioneer's Silky Voice.

He holds up an obviously good and valuable watch, and asks blandly at what figure he shall commence. An accomplice obligingly "starts him:" at a sovereign, audibly encouraging to a fellow-accomplice (for the benefit of the people in the vicinity) that he will give as much as a fiver or a bid for an article like that. Why, it 'ud pawn for 9x quid any day. The usual "fly flat" pricks up his ears, and after a spirited bidding against various accomplices, finally secures the watch, for, say five pounds five or ten. He is then about to take it from the auctioneer; but he cannot hear him owing to the crush of burly accomplices. "'Ere! Where yer comin'?" "'Ooo are yer pushin'?" "Be careful, matey, or yer might get 'urt," are the sort of remarks that follow any attempt on his part to use his elbows. Perhaps a slight wrangle is started: and the silky voice of the auctioneer is heard: "Gentlemen, gentlemen, pray make no disturbance! Allow me, sir," (to the purchaser) "to put your watch into a case and wrap it up for you."

He turns his back; and soon a youth steps down from the rostrum and hands the successful bidder a small package. It is not till he gets home and opens it that he finds that it does not contain the original watch for which he bidded, but a trumpery gold-washed affair, worth at most thirty shillings. It is no use going back and making a fuss. He has not held the good watch in his hands (the accomplices saw to that), so that he could not give a minute enough description to constitute even the weakest apparent claim.

Preying on Ignorant Domestics.

This is the best known type of jewellery shark; and as his tricks are mostly variations of that just described, we need say no more about him. But an even more nefarious character than he, is the man who preys on the vanity of ignorant servant girls and others.

He knocks at area doors, shows (mark you, he does not give) a card or circular issued by some fairly reputable firm of jewellers for the people, and suggesting that he represents that firm, exhibits a tray of worthless but flashy jewellery, which he says he is willing to supply for an initial deposit of sixpence or so, the balance to be paid by weekly instalments of the same amount.

Ninety-nine out of a hundred young slaveys fall victims to his lure; and eagerly sign the paper he puts in front of them, without even reading it. When he calls next time, though, he demands some such sum as half-a-crown, showing the paper as he does so. Then, and then only, the poor dupe realises that she has signed an agreement to pay a much larger weekly amount than she had been led to believe.

Responsible for Thefts and Suicide.

Nine out of ten cases of thefts by servants are directly traceable to scoundrels of this type. And finally, here is an even grimmer fact. Every year a terrible total of girls of the unfortunate class take their own lives; and a deplorably large percentage do so in despair at their inability to satisfy the human vermin—they are no more—who supply such poor creatures with jewellery on credit, and exact a positively appalling weekly payment.

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THE MODERN WOMAN'S INTERESTS.

A wise philosopher has given the thought—"A man is the architect of his own fortune"—but in a very large number of cases it seems that the wife is the architect of the married man's fortune.

Every wife should feel it her duty to make the money given her by a willing husband go as far as she possibly can. Hard earned cash should not be put to buying things which can well be done without, and the thoughtful wife does not hanker after expensive little things her richer neighbour has, because she knows they cannot afford them.

There are certain rules which should guide the wise young man who has his own way to make in the world in the selection of a wife, especially if he be free-hearted. In the first place she should be a sensible girl, valuing cash; then she should know how to do her own housework and delight in it, to fashion her own clothes and turn the half-worn garments around so that they look better than the new. A girl should have prudence and thrift, fully equal to her husband's capacity to earn.

A CAP FOR THE RINKING GIRL.

Another addition has been made to the list of women administering enormous fortunes. The other side of the Atlantic, Miss Arbuckle, sister of the late John Arbuckle, a sugar and coffee king, will control an estate worth £7,500,000.

Two other noteworthy women entrusted with the management of vast estates are Mrs. Russell Sage, widow of Wall Street's most thrifty financier, who controls £10,000,000, and Mrs. E. H. Harriman, who administers £28,000,000.

Like Mrs. Sage and Mrs. Harriman, Miss Arbuckle lives quietly. She does not indulge in the numerous luxuries of modern living. She leads a more simple life than the average successful American tradesman, who requires several of the latest-fashioned motor-cars to minister to his pleasure. She is surrounded by three faithful old servants, and enjoys the occasional society of a little coterie of devoted friends. She gives her spare time to Church work, and to the charitable plans inaugurated by her brother.

The Art of Listening.

A clever woman quite recently expressed the view that there was no longer any incentive for cleverness, since modern life had destroyed the art of listening; that people nowadays were too busy cultivating epigrams of their own and developing their own points of view to listen to others.

She argued that being clever was a waste of energy. She insists that you can gain a reputation for cleverness without the expenditure of vital force merely by cultivating the art of reposeful listening. There is merit in her contention. How rarely do we find a person who ever waits for anyone to complete a sentence.

What you are telling reminds them of something more thrilling which happened to them or to a friend of theirs, and immediately you are plunged into the midst of their experience, while your own lies throttled in your throat.

So general has this method become that when you do meet someone who has the happy art of listening, you sing their praises far and wide; and very soon you have established for them a reputation for cleverness, when in reality they have merely given you an opportunity of being clever.

It is surprising that more people do not realise the advantage of listening well, for the charm that it possesses is undisputed.

Wouldn't it be a good thing to emphasise to schoolchildren the importance of the art of listening.

Power of the Ring.

Rings have played an important part in the history of the world. King Darius sealed with his rings the mouth of the den of lions; Queen Jezebel, to destroy Naboth, made use of the "rings" of Ahab, King of the Isrealites.

Much sentimental value is attached to betrothal rings to-day, many of which are now made with the birth month gem of the wearer set in the centre, and with the date of the engagement, or a special posie, such as

"No heart more true than mine for you,"

engraved inside.

To name only one month, October, is the month of the opal, and our ancestors ascribed wonderful power to the stone. To the Romans it was "the rosy herald of joy." Indeed, one of the Roman Senators preferred banishment rather than yield up his opal to Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt. Queen Victoria always wore opals, and the story goes that one day someone remarked to her on their unluckiness.

"Oh," replied the Queen, "I do not think they are unlucky. They have been lucky stones for England. Queen Elizabeth always wore them, and I wear them."

Referring to December in their "Lucky Gems" booklet, which will be sent to all readers upon application, J. N. Masters, Ltd., of Rye, says Sarah Bernhardt simply revels in "mascots," and especially in the precious stone of her birth month.

Travelling Etiquette.

Don't hurry away from the booking-office window in undignified haste, especially if there are several men waiting.

If you are asked for more money than you have tendered, pay it; and on receiving the ticket say "I wouldn't have had it if I had known."

If you are with friends, walk abreast up the stairs to the platform. The train will probably run in as you slowly ascend, and the people behind you will then learn patience.

Should you be there to see friends off, leave your adieux till the guard signals "Right away!" Having lost the train, you should loudly remark that "it was done on purpose!"

Always ride in a smoker. If anyone lights up, cough persistently, and open the window.

The Complexion.

Carelessness is one great reason why many girls and women have loose, baggy flesh. In cleansing the skin, no doubt, they work well, but if the weather is the least raw or chilly they feel too cold to rinse the skin properly, which should be done several times with cold water. Failing to give the skin this all important tonic soon causes it to become relaxed, soft and loose.

None is so blind to her faults as the girl who uses "I" instead of "you." If a member of her family takes her aside tenderly and warn her that she will soon become tiresome, she weeps and considers herself misunderstood. She disregards all warnings, never sees the danger signal, goes on her egotistical way impervious to the fact that she is often a bore.

FRESH-AIR DODSON.

THE "DELIGHTS" OF A COUNTRY HOLIDAY.

Dodson always goes into the country for his annual holiday.

He's a fresh-air chap—at least, that's what he tells me. I don't know—I never see much evidence of it when he's in town.

He always rides inside a 'bus and will have the windows closed in the office because of draughts.

However, I was invited to spend a week-end with him, and I expected to find quite a change in Dodson. I did, by Jove!

For one thing he didn't look as clean as he does in town. (The water supply is uncertain I found out—it's a spring. I rather think some saint or other must have cursed it in remote times, for it only runs by fits and starts—the changes of the moon have an effect, I'm told.)

Dodson slept out of doors in a hammock slung across the balcony. He didn't get much sleep, for I could hear him swatting various sorts of nocturnal insects at intervals. (I fancy doing the chasing indoors.)

He took me for a walk on the Sunday. Somehow that walk made me feel kind of sad. I called to mind the good little books of my childhood that spoke against Sabbath breaking, and described the punishment.

I got it too—for Dodson entered a plantation—sort of place where you couldn't see anything for trees. I pretty nearly lost my sight into the bargain through Dodson's clumsy playfulness in letting a branch go suddenly.

We had to creep through a lot of tangled brambles and thorns, and got badly scratched.

Dodson, vacuous idiot! said that's the beauty of the country.

I said, "What was?"

And he rhapsodised about the divine freedom of wild things and how he loved them.

Then he gave a great yell, and asked if I knew of any antidote for snake poison.

I looked and saw a poor slow-worm disappearing under a clump of burdocks.

"Imbecile," I said, "that's one of the wild things you love."

We went on and a stoat startled Dodson so much that he fell into a quagmire.

After I had pulled him out he told me what bloodthirsty things they were, and that we'd better get out of the vicinity of a possible nest.

I said we'd better get out of the wood if he was going to do any more halloaing!

Dodson said he'd take me to the cattle show at a neighbouring town if I liked.

So we went. I wished afterwards I had been firm with Dodson and said a "No."

It's like going around with a Jonah to go anywhere with Dodson, you're defying Providence.

I don't know how he did it—but we hadn't been inside the show two minutes before he was mixed up in a wild stampede. A horse had got loose with Dodson's help. Dodson was not injured, but I was. I got jammed between a prize ram and a lively goat, with no room to avoid either.

I don't see any difference between a goat and a sheep. Both are equally dangerous.

I managed to get Dodson into the farm implements tent before he began monkeying with the cattle. But he nearly got me off in my prime with a huge scythe he would insist on handling.

We went away after this. I rather think some officials intimated to Dodson that his presence was not conducive to the success of the show.

Next morning he got me up to go and look for mushrooms.

That was the last breakfast I had with Dodson.

It was almost my last meal on earth. The fool didn't know mushrooms from toadstools—that was the mischief.

I left Dodson to finish his summer holiday.

In future I take mine in town.

S. A. M.

SPOILED IT ALL.

"Yaas, my trip to Japan was completely spoiled at the very last, don't you know?"

"How was that?"

"One of the labels came off my suit case and got lost."

WHEN A MAN'S DOWN.

THOUGHTS WELL WORTH REMEMBERING.

I pity the man who is unfortunate enough to be down in the world. He doesn't stand much chance of retrieving his position, for nobody wants him—or knows him, for that matter. He's down in the world—and down he has to stay.

I said I pitied him. That's one of the hardships of his existence—he gets plenty of pity and sympathy, but no help. People are always willing to extend a word of sympathy. "Poor devil," they say, "What a life!" But that does not cost them much, and for that reason they give it freely.

Not always his Fault.

Some people say that when a man is down it is his own fault. But is it? It may be in some cases, but I could quote innumerable instances in which sheer adversity of circumstances has been the cause of a man's failure. Some men may have spent the best years of their life in making others successful; have helped to build up some great business enterprise. But when success has been attained, and the energy has been sapped out of them, they have been flung aside as broken tools. Nobody wants a broken tool—nobody wants a man who is down, and the two are almost synonymous.

So don't cast stones at the man who is down—it is not always his fault. But supposing it is—supposing he has committed a crime. Well, let me tell you that there are scores of eminently successful men who have committed far worse crimes than those who are grovelling at their feet for assistance. The worst criminals live in ease and luxury—the men who have made just one slip live in the gutter. Remember, too, that every man has the criminal instinct. Some are strong enough to keep it within bounds—others have not the strength to keep it captive. The former are to be envied, and the latter to be pitied—and helped.

It is cruel to sneer at a man who is unfortunate enough to have been broken because of some little crime he has once committed. If you cannot do anything to help him, don't kick him and force him still further into the mire.

Penalty of Independence.

Have you ever thought of the man who has just been released from prison? It is no exaggeration to say that many wish themselves back again. In prison they are treated at least as human beings, are given food and shelter—of a kind. But when they are free—who is there to give food and shelter to them?

It is not only the weak men who go to the wall, for Fate, or circumstance, is stronger than the strongest of men. He may be a man of brilliant intellect, of unusual abilities, but it is all the same. If Fate is against him he is fighting a powerful enemy—and the odds are heavily against him.

Some men owe their downfall to their independence. They won't cringe—for we are not all miserable sycophants who grovel at the feet at the all-powerful. And for this they have been pushed aside—forced under.

There are scores of men at the present day begging bread from their inferiors—really brilliantly clever men—who owe their misfortune to their enterprise and high ambitions. Perhaps in striving to attain them they have climbed a little too high—their foothold was insecure, they have slipped and fallen—and the fall has maimed them for life. Whilst those who had no ambitions, but were content to plod along in the same old way, at the same salary, at the same desk, and going home to the same little suburban villa each evening—perhaps these in the end have been more fortunate than those men of enterprise, who were never contented and always wanted to get on.

The Slum Boy's Chance.

There is also the man who has never had a chance. He may have talent and energy, but if he is born in the wrong set, with the wrong environment, his faculties will never be developed, except perhaps in the wrong direction. A smart boy born in the slums stands a good chance of one day becoming a hardened criminal, for the simple reason that he has been brought up in a world of crime. If that boy was sent to a public school and then to a university, he would turn out an altogether different man, and very likely would rise higher than the average boy whose parents were well off.

So, after all, it is just as well to pause before blaming a man for being down on his luck. Instead, do what you can to help him.

V. S. D.

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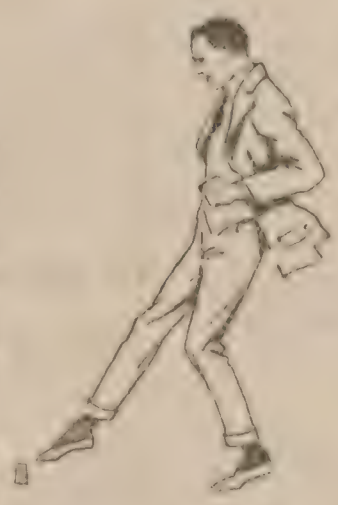
Kicking the Cork.



Here is a little exercise which is not only excellent for strengthening the legs, but helps to make the whole body supple and pliable.

Draw two chalk lines on the floor or ground in the shape of the letter T upside-down, so that one is at right angles to the other ⊥.

Now place your right foot with the heel just touching the cross-line of the ⊥ and the foot pointing along the upright line or stalk of the ⊥.

Next place your left foot just in front of the right with the heel touching its toe, and then similarly put the right foot in front of the left.

You will thus make three short steps, each the precise length of your foot.

Exactly in front of the advanced foot stand a wine cork upright.

Now return to the cross line with the heel of the right foot as before on the cross line and the foot pointing along the perpendicular line.

Standing so, try to kick the cork over with the left foot, without losing your balance, or allowing the left foot to touch the ground.

I shouldn't mind betting that at first you won't do it once in ten times. Indeed, the beginner will probably find that he cannot get his toe near enough to the cork to kick it at all, much less to kick it without losing his balance or bringing his left foot down on the ground. The dodge, so far as there is a dodge, is to reach forward until you judge that your foot is close to the cork, and then to knock it over with a slight sideway kick, at once returning to the upright position.

The exercise, of course, should be alternated with the left foot firm and the right kicking.

The Three Chairs.

A very useful exercise for the back and loins is the "Three Chairs." I haven't room for another illustration, but hope you will be able to follow this description:

Take three chairs of the same height and set them in a row, the two end chairs facing each other, and the central one being set sideways between them.

The chairs should be placed so that when you lie full length upon them and on your back, the back of the head and the heels rest on the endmost chairs, while the central one supports the middle of the body.

Lying in this position, hollow the back so as to take your weight off the middle chair; then seize this chair with the right hand, draw it from under you, pass it over your body and replace it under you with your left hand.

Repeat several times, passing the chair over alternately from right to left, and left to right.

This is not an easy exercise for the novice, and when making your first attempt you had better rest not only the back of your head, but the nape of the neck on one chair, placing your heels in the middle of the other end chair.

With practice however, you will be able to increase the distance between the chairs until your head and heels just touch them while the middle of the body is unsupported.

Answers to Correspondents.

L.L. (Harwich).—You are mistaken in your assertion that because savages do not clean their teeth yet have good ones, cleaning is unnecessary. Savages may not have tooth-brushes, but they do pick and clean their teeth most thoroughly with bone instruments, immediately after a meal.

J.R. (Leicester).—Suffers from liver complaint. A friend advised him to take exercise immediately after dinner. He did so, and worse instead of better. No wonder. No one should take hard exercise immediately after a heavy meal, but a livery person least of all.

M.H. (Derby).—Neuritis is inflammation of the nerve-sheaths. Exhaustion, exposure to cold or damp will cause it, but it is usually due to worry and overwork. There is no specific cure, and it is a most obstinate disease, but it will often vanish like magic.

"RUGGER" (Pudsey).—Without wishing to flatter you, your measurements reveal you as a broth of a boy, and a credit to Pudsey, and to the great and manly game of "Rugger." Your waist-line might be a trifle smaller, but no, we won't try to pick a flaw. The Empire can do with any number of six foot, 12 stone 8 lbs., 40 inch chest men, even if their waistcoats are well lined.

"WOODVALE" (Belfast).—If you did the pain was in your right side I should certainly have diagnosed liver. Your living is certainly plain enough, but perhaps you should have a more substantial evening meal. Try eating more lean meat and fewer potatoes. Don't give up outdoor exercise. Try a five mile walk every evening, working up to eight miles. Take this if you can before your evening meal, and rest for half-an-hour before eating, also afterwards.

W. G. S. (Southampton).—Measurements very good. Lawn tennis is good exercise, but tends to develop one side of the body more than the other.

F. E. N. (Goodge Street).—Complains of persistent pains in back of head and sensation of jar when walking. Has been treated for liver, but without benefit. Probably due to nerve fatigue. Advise him to consult a nerve specialist.

M. H. F. (West Kensington).—Opinions vary as to the best time for sea-bathing. I personally favour not less than two hours after the mid-day meal. Only the robust should bathe before breakfast, and even then on an absolutely empty stomach.

B. C. M. (Burton).—Quacks who advertise that they can cure cataract without operation deserve penal servitude and the "cat." The "treatment" temporarily improves sight, but eventually destroys all possible chance of cure.

T. V. L. (Bermondsey).—The best way to prevent ingrowing toe-nail is to cut the nails straight across instead of rounding the corners. Also frequently press down the flesh at the edges.

STRAWBERRY MARK (Hull).—The removal of a strawberry mark calls for surgical skill, and most surgeons would tell you that the operation is not worth while.

"Shan't box with you again! I don't stand a chance since you've had your height increased by the Girvan method."

"Don't say that, old sport. Rather let us fix our next turn with the gloves for three months hence. Girvan can make you as tall as he's made me in that time."

Provided you are under forty, I can increase your height by from two to three inches within three months. No appliances, no drugs, no special diet. Send three penny stamps for full particulars of my system.

ARTHUR GIRVAN,
Specialist in the Increase of Height,
Dept. M.M.,
17, STROUD GREEN RD., LONDON, N.

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Is attained by everyone who takes up "The St. Settef Course of Culture" (Entered at Stationers' Hall). It enables YOU to [illegible] matters where the man of ordinary Will-Power fail. Develops Concentration, Self-Reliance, Purposefulness, and Personal Magnetism. Gives new interest to Life. Cures Indecision and Mind-Wandering. Builds character. Gains for you the sincerest respect of the men and women you meet. Improves Health and Personal Appearance. BRIGHTENS AND BROADENS YOUR OUTLOOK ON LIFE. THIS IS YOUR TOTAL EXPENDITURE. The whole Course (four absorbingly interesting lessons) is only [illegible] package. ENROL TO-DAY. Next week will see you delighted with your progress. THE ST. SETTEF INSTITUTE (Dept. M.), PERTH, N.B.

BOXING, JUJITSU, WEIGHT LIFTING AND EXERCISES to make and keep you fit, taught privately, and in classes, by Prof. [illegible] (Instructor Hon. Artillery Co., etc.), Shepherd's Bush (next Empire). Illustrated booklet and terms (moderate) 2d. Postal instruction [illegible]

Correspondent's Bureau.

BRIEF REPLIES TO VARIOUS QUESTIONS.

J.M.J. (Oldham).—Write to the Secretary, National Insurance Commissioners, London, S.W.

B.J.L.—The Workmen's Compensation Act is such a complicated business that we must decline to express even an opinion on the case stated. Your best plan is to consult a solicitor.

M.M. (Yeadon, near Leeds).—Provided intoxicants are not sold or music provided, we do not think any license is necessary when giving a public boxing display. Certainly a permission can and should be given in an amateur boxing contest, but remember under Amateur Boxing Association rules rounds are limited to three, except in the event of a tie.

G.H.F. (Barrow-in-Furness).—Captain Saunders thanks you for your kind letter.

A. W. (Uxbridge Road).—Mr. Barclay Gammon, one of the new English artists selected for the Royal music-hall performance, was originally a clerk on the London and Brickwall Railway.

A. C. S. (York).—The fashion of leaving out the "Mr." on visiting cards originated at Oxford and Cambridge, where only "Honourables" are supposed to use the "Mr." Personally we do not admire the misterless card. The letters "P.p.c." stand for *pour prendre congé* (to take leave). P.p.c. cards with the letters written on one corner should be left when quitting a neighbourhood.

T. C. D. (Exeter).—A caddie may point out the "line" to a stroke, but he must not make any mark or even touch the ground, and having pointed out the "line," he must move clear away from it, e.g., if giving the line over the brow of a hill, he must not stand on it, telling the player to play over his head.

R. H. S. (Wigan).—Sydney Barnes was born in 1876, and played for Warwickshire and Lancashire before settling down with Staffordshire.

C. N. (Rugby).—From 14oz. to 14½oz. is a good weight for a lawn tennis racquet, but it is not so much the weight as the balance that matters. A racquet should balance above the grip.

T. F. (Swindon).—"Camogeeht" is an Irish game, and is a mixture of lacrosse and hockey. That is, the ball may be carried on the "Camog" (stick) or struck when on the ground or in the air. The players are twelve a-side.

ALEC (St. Helier).—It is not considered good form to write to a lady on club paper, crested paper that is, for which reason plain paper is always provided in a good club. It is true that in Jersey you can get a bottle of cognac for a "bob," and a hatful of cigarettes for twopence? If so, we think we shall emigrate.

W. W. (Tunbridge Wells).—A soldier who has been tried and acquitted of an offence by a civil court cannot afterwards be punished by the military power on the same charge. On the other hand, the fact of a soldier having been dealt with by court-martial or other military authority is no bar to his being punished for the same crime by a civil court.

JACK (Leeds).—A very good wash for destroying fleas in a dog is composed as follows:—Oil of Eucalyptus, 2 drachms; Terebene, 2 drachms; Carbolic Acid, ½-drachm; Liquor Ammonia, 2 drachms; Rose water, 10 ounces; mix and spray into the hair.

SWEET WILLIAM (Harrow).—Your "funny" story needs an eau-de-cologne bath.

(Miss) M. C. (Sheffield).—We believe that the career of kennel maid offers pretty good prospects. Advertise in the canine papers.

MAC (Dundee).—The general rule is to offer the lady your right arm, but going downstairs you should be on the outside, i.e., next the banister.

D. P. (Douglas).—The apprentice allowance is 5lbs. In handicapping a horse that has not run before is usually given the maximum weight on the weight for age scale.

E. H. (Chatham).—There is no doubt that the modern woman is bigger than his forefathers, so is the modern woman than her grandmothers, especially her hands and feet.

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OUR UNPRECEDENTED OFFER.

Never before, in the whole history of journalism, has any paper offered to its readers a gold-pointed Fountain Pen at such a low price as we are charging.

We are enabled to do so because our circulation benefits directly by the twelve coupons which you have to enclose, by the fact that the copies you give away bring us new readers, and by the name of the paper appearing on the Pen itself.

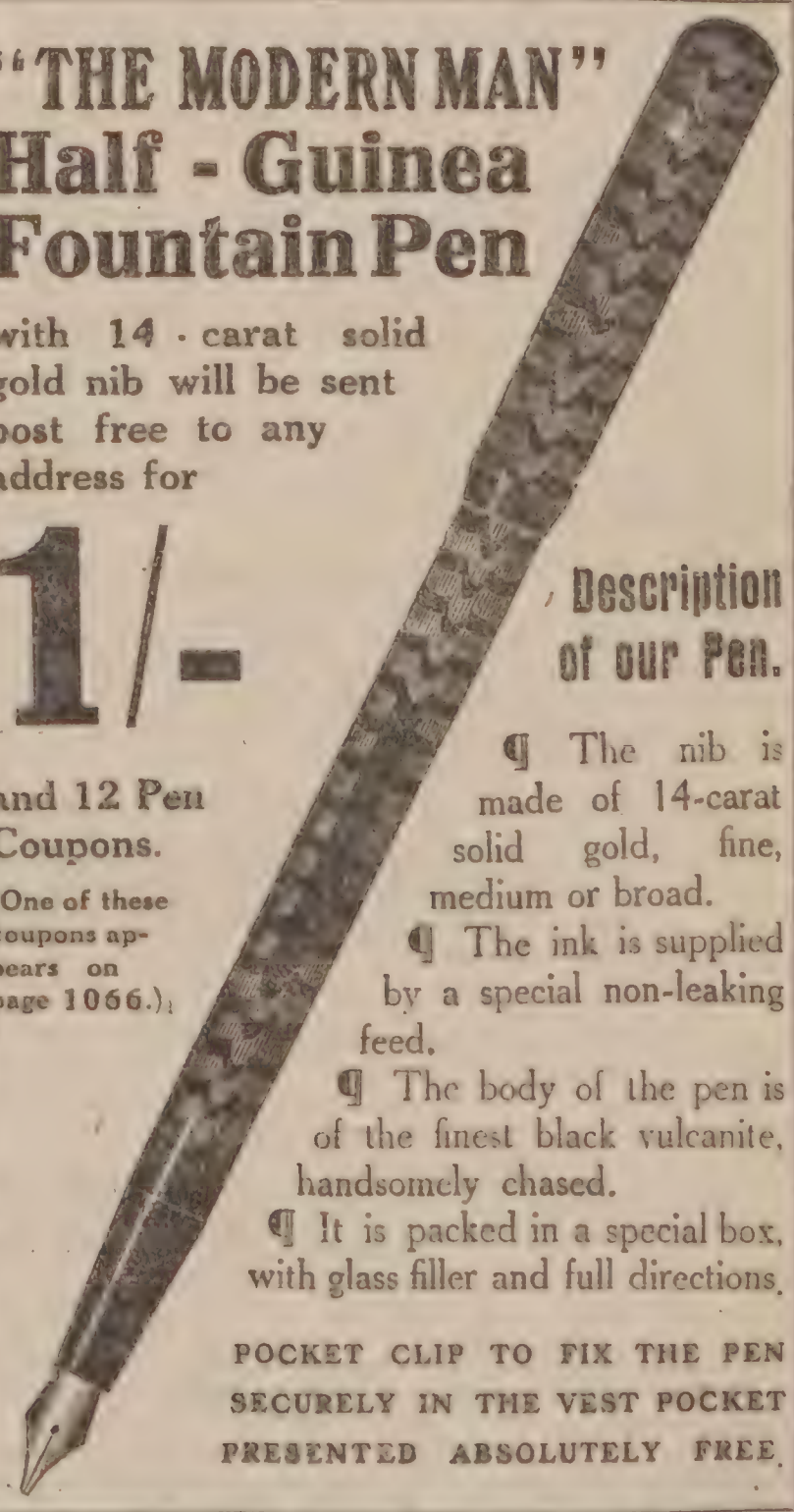
"THE MODERN MAN" Half-Guinea Fountain Pen

with 14-carat solid gold nib will be sent post free to any address for

1/-

and 12 Pen Coupons.

(One of these coupons appears on page 1066.)



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¶ The nib is made of 14-carat solid gold, fine, medium or broad.

¶ The ink is supplied by a special non-leaking feed.

¶ The body of the pen is of the finest black vulcanite, handsomely chased.

¶ It is packed in a special box, with glass filler and full directions.

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HOW TO SECURE ONE OF THESE PENS.

On page 1066 you will find a Pen Coupon. Cut this out, and collect 11 further Pen Coupons, either by purchasing additional copies of the paper or by getting the Coupons from friends who are already readers.

If you buy extra copies from which to cut the Coupons, it is understood that you will give the copies to those whom you think likely to become regular readers.

When you have collected your 12 Pen Coupons, send them along with a postal order for 1s. to "Fountain Pen," THE MODERN MAN Offices, Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, and your pen will immediately be sent to you.

STOCKS AND SHARES.

PROGRESS OF OUR SALE AND PURCHASE MART.

The sale and purchase mart which we established last week, in consequence of readers having expressed dissatisfaction with the big charges made in buying and selling shares, has been well received, and below will be found lists of stocks and shares for sale and purchase.

As stated last week, the nominal fees charged to cover expenses are:—For transactions up to £5, two shillings and sixpence; over £5 and under £50, five shillings; over £50, ten shillings. There will be no brokerage or any other charges whatsoever.

CONDITIONS.

1.—All people desiring to purchase or sell shares must enclose the fee, as stated above, with their communication.

2. In the event of transactions not being completed through any cause whatsoever, the fee will be returned in full.

3.—When a person wishes to sell, they must enclose the certificate of the shares in a registered letter, and they must state the price at which they are willing to sell.

4.—In the case of buyers they must state fully the name of the stock or shares they wish to purchase, and the price they are prepared to pay for same.

5.—Buyers in all instances have to pay the Registration Fee of 2s. 6d. as well as for the Ad Valorem transfer stamp required by Government.

6.—Sellers will be immediately advised when a purchaser has been obtained and a transfer form will be forwarded for signature, which, when duly witnessed and returned, the purchaser's money will be remitted.

7.—Purchasers sending remittances in payment of shares will receive an immediate acknowledgment, and the certificate will be forwarded as soon as the transfer of the shares has been registered in the books of the Company.

8. In cases where we are not in the position to immediately carry through the transaction for a buyer or seller, the stock will be advertised in our columns under a registered number.

9. All communications to be addressed to the Financial Editor, "Modern Man" Offices, Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

The financial Editor will be pleased to answer any enquiry by post on receipt of P.O. for sixpence, or by wire one shilling.

Markets are practically at a standstill on the Stock Exchange; but prices are generally on a low level, and holders of stock or even "bull" speculators need not be afraid as the present stagnant condition cannot last.

* * *

Consols continue their downward movement, and the greater part of the various "gilt edge" securities that have been issued to the public lately have been left in the hands of the underwriters. How long this state of affairs will continue I don't know, but the effect on financial business generally is very bad, and the sooner a change takes place the better for all.

* * *

Home Rails are not very gay; but trade in the country continues good, and prices are only kept down by the general financial slackness of business in the City.

* * *

The District Railway keeps making money freely notwithstanding labour strikes or stagnation of financial business. The gross increase takings for May amouted to £2,907, and as the additional expense only came to £467, the net increase was £2,440. This is as it should be, and it is only the reward for first-class, up-to-date management.

* * *

Americans are very quiet owing to the pending election of President of the United States, and until that is over I fear we shall not see much of a market movement either way. I am told to buy Missouri, Kansas and Texas Common Stock, now about $28, and Erie Common, about $35. Copper Stocks are also still good to buy.

* * *

Foreign Rails.—Midland Uruguay are good to buy as the line is doing extremely well and the price is only £37 per £100 stock.

* * *

Mexican Rails show a decrease traffic of $35,500 for the week ending June 14th; but the market paid no attention to it, as the cause is only temporary, being a strike of dockers at Vera Cruez, which will quickly be settled.

* * *

Canadians.—The Canadian Pacific Railway keeps up its earnings to about half a million dollars a week increase, and as these increases are on the top of big increases last year the net profits for the year ending June 30th will be enormous, and must result in increased dividends to the stockholders.

The price is about 271, and prospects justify a 300 quotation.

* * *

The *Grand Trunk* also has a good return for the week, viz., over £20,000 increase, and I think the time has arrived for the purchase of the Ordinary Stock fearlessly. The present price is 29⅜

* * *

Oil and Rubber shares keep steady, with very little doing, and those readers who are interested in these markets have only to possess their souls in patience for the upward movement that is sure to come, especially in the shares of sound Companies that deal in the former product.

* * *

There is a rumour in the "House" to-day that there is to be a drastic revision of the new scale of commissions; evidently members have felt a "draught" through their patrons (the public) failing to appreciate the joke!

* * *

STOCKS AND SHARES OFFERED.

				£ s. d.
1	25	Black Sea Prefs. ...	... at	0 17 6
2	30	Central Carpathian ...	... "	0 14 9
3	100	Keru River	... "	0 5 0
4	50	Maikop Pipe Line ...	... "	0 13 0
5	200	New Zealand	"	0 1 6
6	100	Premier Oil and Pipe Line	... "	0 19 6
7	25	Anglo Malay	... "	0 15 6
8	50	Hamuning	... "	0 4 3
9	100	Amal. Props.	... "	0 3 0
10	25	Fanti Mines	... "	0 1 0
11	100	Anglo Continental ...	... "	1 0 0
12	10	Associated Cement ...	... "	6 10 0
13	5	Bovril	... "	1 2 9
14	12	Lipton	... "	1 0 0
15	10	Darracq	... "	0 17 6
16	20	Gold Coast Amalgamated	... "	1 7 10½
17	50	Fanti Mines	... "	0 0 6
18	100	Broomassie	... "	0 5 0
19	10	Tanganyika Concessions	... "	2 12 0
20	30	Northern Copper ...	... "	0 15

STOCKS AND SHARES WANTED.

				£ s. d.
21	10	Mexican Railway ...	... at	5 0 0
22	10	Chatham and Dover Ord	... "	20 0 0
23	20	East London	... "	8 10 0
24	75	Galician Oil Trust ...	... "	0 12 0
25	20	Mexican Eagle Com ...	... "	0 17 0
26	30	Mexican Eagle Pref. ...	... "	2 3 0
27	75	Shell Transport	... "	5 5 3
28	300	Standard of Mexico A ...	... "	0 3 0
29	400	Way Halim	... "	0 0 0
30	75	Keflis	... "	0 6 0
31	10	Great Cobar	... "	4 15 9
32	20	Hampden Cloncurry ...	... "	2 3 0
33	20	Gamage	... "	1 5 0
34	50	Ginsberg	... "	1 12 0
35	100	Brakpan	... "	3 15 0
36	25	Robinson Deep	... "	2 12 0
37	50	Chartered	... "	1 7 0
38	12	Globe and Phœnix ...	... "	1 15 0
39	100	Surprise	... "	0 0 0
40	50	Ashanti Goldfields ...	... "	1 5 6
41	75	Fanti Consolidated ...		0

OUT FOR DISTANCE:

CYCLIST'S IMPRESSIONS OF A LONG RIDE.

Have you ever tried long distance cycling? I don't mean the crawling tour with a dozen pounds of impedimenta distributed in picturesque (or otherwise) attitudes over your machine, but that sharp stiff ride on a stripped machine, a ride that will take you into half a dozen counties or more, and give you a feeling of something accomplished that even the most inveterate tourist or potterer will ever experience.

Into the Heart of Things.

Think of an early tour with the blush of dawn just rising over the departing mantle of night. Beneath you a bike that tips the beam at 20lb., a pretty steed of trusty steel that will take you at what pace you will, or where you will. Then you're off, a little food basket clipped to the handlebar. Off for a hundred miles or more. A ride that will take you into solitude, into the heart of things, and into the centres of industry.

Before you stretches the open road. The wheels run with the whirr of speed, and away you go. Fast on the flat, faster down the hill, and with a joyous burst of speed over that "pimple" that blocks the view beyond.

Out of one county into another. From that to a third, then a fourth and a fifth, until you have come a third across England—by your own exertions. You feel it grand to be blessed with manhood. You have drunk deep of God's pure air. Away with trains—tedious waiting for trains.

A hundred miles in six hours. It's not scorching or road racing speed, but it's done on your own, and it's a good sharp pace that will place you in a niche far above the potterers and the tourists.

Value of a Good Lamp.

The value of a good lamp cannot be over-estimated, but even the best of lamps require attention, and should not be neglected.

Do not let your gas lamp burn out, but blow out the light when you have finished. A deposit is left on the burner if the light is allowed to burn out.

To convert an ordinary oil lamp into a paraffin lamp, pack the reservoir with cotton wool, leaving just sufficient space for the wick, and then pour enough paraffin in to completely saturate the wool, but no more.

A choked tube will stop the water supply to an acetylene lamp, and, if in doubt about the cause of failure to burn properly, remove the carbide container, turn on the water tap, and, if the water does not drip freely, empty the water chamber and blow hard into it so as to clear the tube.

Clean out the old oil occasionally. It will be found to have got somewhat thick, and does not help the wick to do its work efficiently.

The novice is often at a loss to know why his lamp goes out, and also how it is that soot falls from the top. This is very vexing, but to a great degree it can be prevented.

There are two ways of cutting the wick. One is right and the other wrong. By cutting the wick straight across, an uneven flame is obtained, but by cutting the wick so that the lowest point is in the centre, a full and even flame is obtained.

Correct Saddle Height.

The peak of the saddle should be level with the handle-grips for all-round riding.

The height of the saddle should be such that the rider can place his heel on the pedal at its lowest point without undue stretching.

Like new boots, saddles have an unpleasant habit of squeaking until they have been in use for some time. By rubbing the underside of the leather with soap it is possible to stop the noise.

If the coils of a saddle spring break, it is possible to effect a temporary repair by using a cork and forcing it in the coil. When the spring on which the saddle clip is fastened snaps, draw the clip either backward or forward, until it holds the two broken ends.

Concerning Bent Cranks.

The least fall will damage a cycle crank, so that it may be necessary to make a repair on the roadside. By applying pressure to the pedal with the foot, it is possible at times to straighten a crank sufficiently for temporary needs, while the use of a strong spanner is sometimes effective. If there is any assistance to be obtained, it is useful to let someone hang on to the opposite side of the bicycle while you pull at the end of the crank.

OUR WHOLESALE CATALOGUE Saves you POUNDS!

And Increases your Income.

Because, from its 248 illustrated pages you can buy everything a cyclist or agent needs at **HALF Retail Prices,** and it offers you a splendid agency with good profits easily earned in spare time. Moreover, it is brimful of

STUPENDOUS BARGAINS

Our low prices will positively astound you.—Here's a few selected at random:—Cycles with free wheel, two roller brakes, lined 2 colours, and guaranteed 2 years **55/6**; Air Tubes **1/9**; Brakes **3½d.**; Bells **3½d.**; Oil Bath Free Wheels **1/6**; Outer Covers **2/9**; Pedals **1/1** pair; Leather Puncture Proof Bands **8d.**; Nickel Plating Powder **6d.**
Mind you, each Catalogue costs 1/- to print and 4d. to post. We give you one FREE, but ask for 2d. in stamps towards cost of postage.

Do yourself a good turn—Secure a copy ***NOW.***

MOORHOUSE LTD., WINCHESTER WORKS, Dept. 17: PADIHAM, LANCS.

WHY PAY a HIGH PRICE for YOUR CYCLE

when I supply the pick of Coventry's choicest cycles at pounds below maker's prices. I sell brand-new 1912 **HUMBER, SWIFT, COVENTRY-CHALLENGE, PREMIER, QUADRANT, ROVER, REMINGTON, SINGER, PROGRESS, CENTAUR,** and other well-known Coventry cycles from 5s. monthly.

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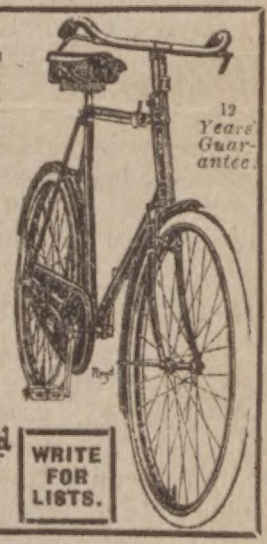

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WRITE FOR LISTS.

THE MODERN MAN LEAGUE.

Membership of the League is open to all regular readers of this paper. There is no subscription, nor do members undertake any other liability. The League, with its thousands of members, has been the means of bringing into touch men of similar tastes and making friendships all over the world.

The wearing of the League Badge gives you the privilege of an introduction to other members in whatever part of the country you happen to be.

The League badge is obtainable in the following forms, and at the following prices:

Gold-plated tie-pin	6d.	Solid silver tie-pin	1s.
Gold-plated safety-pin	6d.	Solid silver safety-pin	1s.
Gold-plated lapel or cap badge	6d.	Solid silver lapel or cap badge	1s.
Gold-plated pendant for watch chain	6d.	Solid silver pendant for watch-chain	1s.

9-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant ..... 6s.
18-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant ..... 12s.

Fill up the coupon, striking out the words which do not apply, enclose it with a P.O. to cover the price of the badge you select, and post your letter to the Editor, THE MODERN MAN, Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, E.C. Please write the word "League" on the top left-hand corner of your envelope.

APPLICATION FORM.

Please enrol me as a Member of THE MODERN MAN League and forward me a Badge of Membership, for which I enclose P.O. value.....

I desire the Badge to be of 18-ct. gold, 9-ct. gold, solid silver, gold-plated; and it is to be fitted as a tie-pin, a safety-pin, a pendant for the watch-chain, a label or cap badge. (Strike out the words which do not apply.)

Signature.....

Address.....

.....

THE WEEK'S RACING.

By the "OLD HAND."

I am not as a rule given to finding fault with my fellow scribes, but I do not think that in taking exception to the following assertion, which appeared last week in one of the racing papers, I can be accused of being thuggish:—"Stedfast has an easy task in the Rous Memorial, but all will hope to see him beaten."

Now why on earth all—whoever that may represent—would like to see a good horse beaten is beyond my comprehension.

Love for a Good Horse.

The racing public love a good horse, and when that horse is in the ownership of a man who, by his straightforward methods, has gained the respect of everybody who takes the slightest interest in turf matters, the statement that "all" would like to see his horse beaten becomes all the more inexplicable.

All, as I view things, represents the public in general, the little people who bet in shillings and half-crowns, and who are the real mainstay of the turf, and to say that they would like to see a good horse beaten, especially when it belongs to a man like Lord Derby, who can claim in every respect to be one of the pillars of the turf, is little short of a slur on their sportsmanship.

No, the real racing man does not glory in the downfall of a good horse, rather does he feel pangs of regret, even though he may be affected financially by the result.

One of my readers wants my advice as to which is the best racing paper he can buy. My friend does not state the amount he is prepared to spend, but presuming he refers to the penny weekly, I should say that he cannot do better than get the *Racing Specialist*. He might also buy the *Week-End Racing Supplement*, a little paper that contains some very useful notes.

Racing enthusiasts are well provided for this week, Newcastle being allotted three days for the Northerners, whilst in the south we have Brighton, Folkestone and Sandown Park.

The principal race, though not the most valuable, at Newcastle—the Northumberland Plate—does not look like attracting a very big field, and with one or two exceptions the entries are not a great lot.

Jackdaw and His Chance.

On his running at Ascot last week, Jackdaw has a great chance. He is a very consistent performer, and a really good stayer.

Puro Castor will be a lot better after his race last week, but I do not think he will finish in front of The Policeman, who beat him on that occasion.

On his best form, Victory is not at all badly handicapped, and I shall be surprised if he does not finish amongst the leaders.

Himan has not shown up very prominently in his recent outings, but if in a generous mood might make a race of it.

Alec. Taylor is responsible for King Midas and Elizabetta. The latter, who won the race two years ago, made no show in the Chester Cup, but she was not up to concert pitch, and will strip a far better animal here.

King Midas ran very well in the Manchester Cup, and I shall look to him to do so again on this occasion. I shall leave the race to

TAYLOR'S SELECTED.

Other selections:—

NEWCASTLE—Tuesday.
The Steward's Plate: EARLY HOPE.
North Derby: JAEGER.
Gosforth Park Biennial: ERL QUEEN.

Wednesday.
Gibside All-Aged Selling Plate: FABIAN WAY.
Gateshead Selling Plate: SARPEDON.
Brandling Welter Handicap: GREY.

Thursday.
Gosforth Park Cup: ARDIGON.
Newcastle Handicap Plate: RED CAPE.
Seaton Deleval Plate: BONNIE BIRD.

BRIGHTON—Tuesday.
Shoreham Plate: PHROSINE.

Wednesday.
Steyning Plate: ROSY WEST.

SANDOWN PARK—Friday.
New Stand Handicap: ST. ANTON.
Sandringham Stakes: JINGLING GEORDIE.

Saturday.
Wellington Handicap: PITMASTON.
Robert de Witville Handicap: PROTESTANT BOY.
British Dominion T.Y.O. Plate: BONNIE BIRD.

The Wire Service.

Whilst claiming no credit for sending winners to subscribers to our little wire service, I can at least claim that they are getting value for the money. The last four messages up to the time of going to press have resulted in two winners, one second, and one unplaced.

The charge for this is five shillings for one week's wires, and one shilling for a single.

BIGGEST BET ON RECORD.

One must not run away with the idea that betting commenced with horse-racing, as it has probably existed ever since there was anything to bet about.

When horse racing first become a sport, there were no professional "bookies," and it was not until 1793 that a certain William Ogden made a business of taking bets. By an Act of Parliament sixty years later, betting houses were forbidden in England, but this Act did not extend to Scotland, so the bookmakers promptly transferred their business to Glasgow.

In the year 1868 a betting apparatus, called the "Pari-Mutuel," was introduced into England. It consisted of a large frame with a number of pockets let into it, each one representing a horse. It differed from ordinary gambling, inasmuch as there were no regular odds against any of the starters.

A Mr. Davies laid a Mr. Clark £100,000 to £1,000 against each of the three horses he was running in the Derby of '56. This is reputed to be the biggest bet on record.

If betting were made legal, and then taxed by Parliament, the revenue obtained therefrom would be enormous. In Australia alone it is said £30,000,000 a year changes hands through betting transactions.

F.S.G.

THE BURGLAR'S REGRET.

"You just come along o' me!" said P.C. Snappem, cheerfully, to the burglar whom he had caught in the act. He shone his lantern in the face of the prisoner to ascertain that gentleman's identity if possible.

"Jim the jaw-breaker!" he explained delightful. "So I've copped you at last, have I?"

"Well, matey," returned the captive, "I'll admit it—I'm done! But I give you a good run for your money, ain't I? 'Arf a dozen 'ouses 'Ampstead, two in Park Lane, and——. There's just one thing I'm sorry for, Bobby."

"What's that?" inquired the hero in blue, expecting a confession.

"Why, Bobby, I bin an' clean wasted threepence—throwed it away, so ter speak," explained the prisoner in dejected tones. "I went an' 'ad my 'air cut larst night!"

IF IT'S A McKINLEY

That is all you need know about a suit

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Suits (to measure) **30/-** to **50/-**.
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THE OUTER MAN.

By CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

HANDKERCHIEFS.

It was coloured socks last summer, it is coloured handkerchiefs this.

They are being made in all sorts of patterns and colours, some with the borders only coloured, other with spots on a white ground, others again of a whole colour or of a mixture of colours like the bandana of our grandfathers.

As with socks so with handkerchiefs, it is wise to avoid the merely eccentric or the glaringly obtrusive, and without pushing the general "colour scheme" to or over the verge of effeminacy, to have the handkerchief as far as possible in harmony with the clothes.

Thus a red and green handkerchief does not look well with a blue serge, but is quite in keeping with a grey or brown suit.

If worn with frock or morning dress the coloured handkerchief should be very quiet, say with an unobtrusive spotted border or with small blue spots on white.

Coloured handkerchiefs must not be worn with evening dress, and they should not be prominently displayed. I mean, don't hang them out of your breast pocket with the obvious intention of attracting attention to them. Some men, more especially territorial officers, make a practice of carrying their handkerchief up their sleeve—I mean, when in mufti.

This is incorrect, and a trifle "bounderish." Army officers do not carry their handkerchiefs up their sleeves when in plain clothes, for the last thing they desire is to advertise the fact of their profession when off duty.

The Army man puts his handkerchief up his sleeve when in uniform simply because he has no pockets. If convenient, it is not a particularly comfortable way of carrying the handkerchief. It is apt to destroy the set of the cuff; the handkerchief is soon crumpled and soiled, while in hot weather it is soaked with perspiration, and is uncomfortably warm in itself.

Therefore, except as a matter of necessity, the up-the-sleeve handkerchief style is not to be recommended.

RAIN COATS.

W.E.G. (Burnley) asks me to inform him as to the correct fashion in rain coats for this summer. If he means something in the way of a mackintosh I can cordially recommend him to get a pure silk oil-skin coat. These are to be had in greys, greens, browns, etc., weigh about 17oz., and cost from two to three guineas.

Light weight oil-skin coats are to be had in yellows, blacks, tans, drabs, and greens, and cost from 25s. to 30s.

On the other hand, if he means a rain-proof cloth coat these are to be had in a great variety of styles and colours. There is really no particular fashion in them, except that they should be single-breasted, and loose in the back. There may be shoulder seams if you like, and some are being made with velvet collars, the same colour as the cloth, but I do not recommend them. They should have slits at the sides so that the hands can be put into the jacket pockets without undoing the coat.

For hard wear, however, and keeping you dry in the worst of weather, you cannot do better than have a pure silk oil-skin. No doubt your tailor can procure one for you, or they are to be had direct from Messrs. John Barbour, of South Shields.

"SHORTS" FOR WALKING.

My next correspondent, "Peripateticus," of Leeds, asks me whether "shorts are still fashionable for walking." I confess I don't quite know what he means by "shorts." If he refers to running shorts, I should say they are not and never were fashionable for walking.

If, however, he means knickerbockers, certainly nine men out of ten wear them in preference to trousers.

As to cut, you may take your choice between the old-fashioned knickerbockers fastening with a strap and buckle, or even elastic, and the modern semi-riding breeches with box-cloth continuations.

The latter are undoubtedly the smarter of the two, but there is the danger of sacrificing comfort and utility to appearance. It is no good wearing knickerbockers that cramp the knees if you are going on a walking tour.

I should recommend my friend to get a Norfolk knickerbocker suit with box-cloth continuations, but to be very careful that they do not pinch him anywhere.

A steel or iron grey with a slight pattern looks both smart and workmanlike.

MAN AND HIS COLLAR.

Man's first real step towards civilisation was the assumption of a collar. It is true that the early collar was more like a necklace, and that it was made of teeth or cowrie shells, the teeth being the spoils of some enemy, such as a man of another tribe or a wild beast which it was a credit to have killed.

And it is a curious thing that the neck should have been the first part of the body to be decorated. The more important a man became the greater was the number of strings of shells or teeth that he put around his neck.

The white or linen collar is quite a modern invention. It turned up suddenly in the middle ages in the form of the ruff, which was said to have been invented to hide a scar on some royal personage's neck. It reached its height in Elizabethan times and then sank down into the lace collar of the cavalier and the starched and plain linen of the Puritan.

In Georgian days the collar was merged in the stock, only to come to the front again in Byronic times, when the poet wore the turned down white collar, which almost proclaimed its wearer a freethinker.

Next came the regency collar, with its folds upon folds of cravat, which was worn in a modified form by old gentlemen even in the '70s, though twenty years before smart young men in London had worn a small all-round collar, just like that which is known to-day as the "military."

Then in the '60s there was a painful lapse into the Byronic collar, which for some reason was called the "Shakespeare," perhaps from a linen draper's idea that one poet was as good as another.

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